

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## The Front Page

THERE is no occasion for seeking a mysterious reason for the action of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in "siding with Mr. Foster against Mr. Cinqmars" when the latter was called before the bar of the House. Some of the Ottawa correspondents say that something must have happened between 6 and 8 p.m. on the day of the debate to cause the Premier to change his position, and to decide to censure the journalist, and they suggest that the Opposition threatened to "make disclosures" concerning persons high in Sir Wilfrid's regard. It is improbable that there is anything in all this talk. If the Opposition could make disclosures worth making, they would not refrain in consideration of such poor satisfaction as Sir Wilfrid gave them in this Cinqmars matter. The Premier made just such a speech on this occasion as his attitude towards the press during many years would lead one to expect. If he should put his thought into words he would probably say: "What is an editor, anyway, but a defeated candidate, and what is a great editor, but a baffled and soured aspirant for political honors?" As an institution he has found the press both a convenience and a nuisance. Who has not found it both! More than any public man in Canada Sir Wilfrid has held the press at arm's length. He has not flattered it with cheap praise. When any member of the House has complained of ill-usage in the public prints, Sir Wilfrid has seldom failed to add his word of censure. In the present case he found fault with Mr. Foster for bringing the matter forward, but censured the journalist who was up for reprimand. Perhaps the explanation of it is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a Parliamentarian derived from a law office, and not pleased to observe during many years the growing influence of the press in public affairs. In his time he has seen Parliament diminish considerably in the sight of the country because of the press. Time was when every public question introduced itself in Parliament, and from there travelled over the country. Now each public question comes to Parliament pretty well shaped up for legislation—with popular opinion written all over it, and the rulers of the country rule, to a large extent, by the result of a discussion they have been unable to lead or direct. He does not believe in government by newspaper, nor is he alone in resenting the tone of voice in which the press is learning to speak. It is a tone of voice well calculated to get on the nerves of premiers, bishops, chief justices, schoolmasters and those formerly clothed with authority and accustomed to inspect. Even policemen feel the change and wonder whither we are drifting.

No Parliamentarian with a concern for the dignity of the House could sit in Sir Wilfrid's seat and hear the defence read by Mr. Cinqmars, without resolving to give journalism a little rap. Here was a journalist standing up at the bar, unafraid, giving back blow for blow—justifying at much length what he had written and his right to write what he chose. Here was Parliament applauding this outsider, the populace looking on from the galleries and a thousand presses waiting to publish a triumph of journalism. Mr. Foster should not have produced such a scene, but as it had been produced the Premier resolved to save the face of Parliament as far as he could. "He saw his duty and he done it."

WILLIAM-WHYTE of the C.P.R. is a man of so much size and consequence in the West that attention must be paid to his utterances, yet when he talks of Jim Hill's railway enterprises and speaks alarmingly of the Americanization of the West, we are compelled to remember that he is, after all, William Whyte of the C.P.R. He is reported as having said: "If Mr. Hill, after completing his railway connections, can induce the wholesale dealers of St. Paul and Minneapolis to cut their prices for Canada, then the entire Western trade of the Dominion will be lost to Eastern Canada, if the country itself is not lost to the British Empire." If this kind of talk does not alarm our patriotism and arouse our self-interest to the immediate advantage of the C.P.R. and to the injury of Mr. Hill's railway plans, Mr. Whyte does not know what else to say. He has done his best. But if the Dominion of Canada can be broken down, and if the West can be lost to the British Empire by the building of a Jim Hill railway or a Jim Crow railway, running north and south, we may as well delay the publication of those new school geographies until the change comes and until the map has been recolored. If the continuance of this Dominion is dependent on so slight a matter, it is a Dominion that cannot be continued, for there will be roads north and south, there will be trade with Minneapolis and St. Paul, and wholesalers will cut prices if they see gain in it. During the past three or four years our Western prairie country has taken on an importance that makes it no longer possible for men with one set of ideas to hold and control it. That country will grow in response to the suns and rains and other provisions of nature. Railways will be built wherever railways will pay, and if we have faith in Canada we shall refuse to believe Mr. Whyte when he tells us that the existence of the Dominion is conditional upon our maintenance of laws and restraints that will dwarf the West to fit the harness with which she is yoked to Eastern Canada. It cannot be so. If it were so it would be a bad thing for Canada. Naturally the great bulk of trade will flow east and west, and there is not a railway proposition up for consideration anywhere that is not based on that fact. The grain grown on the prairies will seek the sea by the shortest path, for that path will be cheapest. The cars and boats that carry grain east can cheaply carry goods west. As a simple matter of business, untouched by sentiment, there seems no reason to doubt that trade between Eastern and Western Canada is a natural trade, and its continuance is not dependent on whether J. J. Hill or anybody else does this, that, or the other thing. If we were in so poor a position, if we were attempting to erect a nation on lines so unpromising that one railway magnate could push it over, why the sooner it were pushed over the better. We want a nation here, and we want it here for the welfare of its

inhabitants and for the good of mankind. The only way to look at it is, that whatever is for the undoubted welfare of the country's inhabitants makes for the good of the nation, and cannot menace its permanence. Branch lines, feeders and suckers, will run north and south from the main lines east and west, and over these branch lines in time considerable trade will pass. Let it so pass. We cannot cork a country up, and nothing would be so ruinous to the trade of Eastern Canada with the West, as the idea that old Canada was hampering the natural expansion of the West in order to keep that vast country as an enforced trade preserve. No such purpose exists. But that marvellous organization the C.P.R. has always managed to play upon the patriotism and loyalty of this country by creating the impression that whatever project would compete with it would imperil the safety of the flag and sap the roots of the Empire. That company has always had on its staff a fine lot of loyal and patriotic joshers for upholding the flag, and freight rates. The C.P.R. is a great railway, but the company is this country's greatest exhibit.

YET when Mr. Whyte expresses the opinion that it is unfortunate that people from the United States resident in Winnipeg should be making arrangements for a great parade and celebration in that city on the Fourth of July, he is right enough. It is unfortunate under the

Western progress; he will be built into its institutions as they arise, and the quality ship will not come into question.

WHEN the Toronto Methodist conference was expressing such wholesale condemnation of tobacco in all its forms, it is probable that some of the brethren looked out of the windows. If there are no smokers among the Methodist clergymen of Toronto conference at present, it is the first time this has been the case. Some of the ablest preachers in this church have been smokers, and so long as they did not produce their pipes in public and horrify Mrs. Grundy, small harm was done that I know of. Yet this harm resulted, that these men smoked more or less secretly and to some extent humbugged their parishioners, which is a bad thing for any teacher or leader to do. There is a pleasure in deceiving Mrs. Grundy, which, once tasted, proves very pleasant. Yet what were these men to do? They were not "slaves to the weed." Men who neither smoke nor drink are too ready to talk about slavery, and to blame the vice rather than the individual. These men were not enslaved to tobacco, for they used it so sparingly and irregularly that they could have discontinued its use had they so desired. But they did not want to. They enjoyed smoking, felt benefited by it, and saw no reason for quitting it except the prejudice of non-smokers. They believed that when their church forbade

structure of his citizen-

soul that people on the back lines of Ontario cannot approve. He has spoken with levity about the uselessness of people in their old age. Moreover, had he been induced to come, he might have been too much the man of genius and not enough the man of patience that the presidency of such an institution calls for.

IT is said that there is a hitch as to the amount of retiring allowance that President Loudon is to receive on laying down the alleged reins up at Varsity. There should be no hitch. Mr. Loudon has spent forty years of his life with the Provincial university, for a long time has occupied a difficult position, and retires at a time when newer and better conditions are being introduced. There should be no cheese-paring in dealing with him, and he should not be allowed to carry a grievance into retirement with him. For years past he should have been exercising greater authority and receiving a larger salary than has been his, and on dropping out, he should, in the new light in which University matters are seen, be treated with liberality.

WHEN the parole system of dealing with prisoners was introduced, men saw at a glance that if anything could reclaim a man, turn him around and set him going in the right way, it was this plan of releasing him on condition that he should lead a life blameless before the law. But Dr. Gilmour, warden of the Central Prison, claims that the parole system is being manipulated, and that convicts who have a pull, or are defended by lawyers who have a pull, are able to get out on parole without deserving such leniency. If this kind of thing is going on, a very promising experiment in the handling of criminals is being brought to failure, for the abuse of the system will lead to the abandonment of it. Once a man goes to prison he should be beyond the reach of pull—all the strings and wires should be beyond his grasp. From the moment the iron doors close on him until he has served the sentence imposed on him by the court he should be dead to the world and all its pulls, poms and vanities. But, it having been found that singularly little reformation is wrought in the character of those who serve terms of imprisonment, it was thought that it might be well to treat the convict in a new way—to give him a gleam of daylight ahead. The parole system gave him a chance. Those who make a study of criminology believed that if a convict, with some good in him, were allowed to go free on condition that he should respect the laws and report at stated intervals to the authorities, the man would welcome the chance and would not risk the more severe sentence and hopeless imprisonment that would await him should he offend again. On the whole, the results of the experiment have been successful. Many men are at large leading more useful lives than they formerly did. Clearly, however, no convict should be released except upon the recommendation of those who make crime a study, who watch results and who aim to improve a prison system that never has been satisfactory. Personal influence should not get a man out on parole—neither the influence of relatives, lawyer nor politician. It should depend on the criminal himself to deserve release on parole, and, perhaps, lest household prejudice should tell against particular prisoners, it might be well to have a special Board to consider all cases.

MEMBERS of the party that sailed on the Arctic, in giving evidence before the Parliamentary committee at Ottawa, testify that "they found the Eskimo tribe honest." No doubt they found them honest, but the question is, how did they leave them?

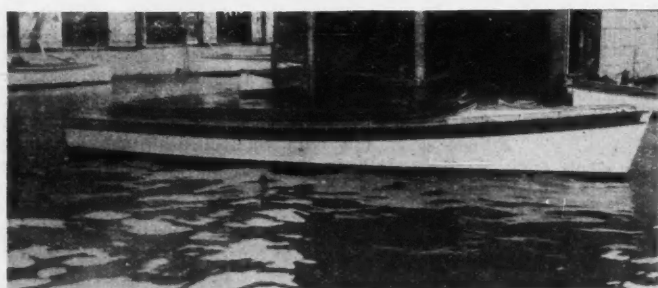
A CURIOUS paragraph is going the rounds just now about a pious and proud parent who has seven sons in the Christian ministry, scattered through five different denominations. So many good men rear sons who bring discredit upon them, that it is always gratifying to hear of a case like this, where a father has contributed seven sons to the work of teaching men so to live that they may not be afraid to die. But does not this case also reveal the very height of those absurd denominational conditions that prevail at the present time? From one home, from beside the same mother's knee, from under the same father's hand, seven brothers go out to preach Christianity, but they scatter throughout five rival denominations. Surely they could get together in their father's home and arrive at some common understanding of faith and teaching. Their differences must be in respect of non-essentials only, while confronting them all alike is the real work of inducing men to walk in clean ways. That a family can split up in this way, shows how trifling are the differences that separate various denominations—these differences no longer signify anything of real religious moment. These brothers, no doubt, scattered into the ministry of various churches through considerations of personal convenience in securing their training, rather than through any difference of opinion among them in matters of belief, or even church discipline. They ignored non-essentials, and each took the field where he most conveniently could, just as families in their church-going split up and attend various churches although not at all divided on questions of belief. One follows an eloquent preacher, another seeks the best singing; one attends the church where he can see the finest crowd, another goes to the little church where his presence and his contribution seem most needed. The whole voice of reason calls for Church Union. There is waste in division. Here we have not those historic, social and legal obstacles to union that exist in Great Britain. In addition to the material and moral economy that union would effect, there is the valuable consideration that different denominations would, by means of union, find it possible to abandon without discredit professions of creed and articles of discipline that have been found burdensome and are no longer loyally adhered to. Should the Presbyterians unite with other denominations, their difficulty with the Westminster Confession would be solved. Should the Methodists unite with others, they would escape thralldom to a discipline they can neither enforce nor modify. In the various denominations there are men who are very anxious to bring about reforms, for the introduction of which they see no opportunity except on



SATURDAY AFTERNOON RACING ON THE BAY.

## THE MOTOR BOAT IN TORONTO

A 1906 MODEL—GENERAL PURPOSE BOAT.



surrounding circumstances, and considering the remarkable aptitude of the persons in question for carrying such a celebration to extravagant lengths and utterly ignoring the sentiments of the people among whom they dwell. Such a celebration is bound to be carried too far. It will get out of hand; it will be almost sure to transgress the bounds of good taste, until even the hospitality of Winnipeg will take offence. Windy talkers will make speeches that will receive undeserved attention, and the sensational newspapers of the Republic will lead their readers to believe that Winnipeg and the whole West are impatient for annexation. There will be nothing to it. It will be, largely, an extra alcohol holiday for Winnipeg. But even if it were true that in the minds of some taking part in this proposed celebration there lurks the political motive of giving voice and color to the idea of uniting the continent, still the matter need worry no one. People from the United States are pouring into our west country in considerable numbers, but in time we may expect them to celebrate the First instead of the Fourth of July. In time their day will take its place alongside St. Andrew's and St. Patrick's day, but no longer their national holiday. Say what he will about himself the "American" is first, last and all the time a business man, and when he has learned that he is better off in Canada than he ever was at home—when he finds himself not only better off in pocket, but better governed, surrounded by cleaner politics, protected by purer courts and by laws better enforced, he will not be a man easily worked up into political unrest. He will be caught up in the whirl of

smoking, their church was wrong, and unnecessarily estranged thousands of people. Clergymen of other denominations smoke openly, and it is impossible to convince the people that the use of tobacco is sinful, or can be made so by denominational legislation. To smoke or not to smoke is a matter of taste and preference—like chewing gum, eating olives or sousing and scenting one's garments with Florida water. There are men in this town who, if they would but learn to sit back in chairs, get their feet up on something, blow smoke rings, relax their minds and cease from grumbling, would be much easier mortals to live with.

WORD has gone forth that Dr. Osler has intimated to persons making enquiry on the subject that he is not available for the Presidency of Toronto University should the new Board of Governors decide to offer him the appointment, which, of course, they might not have done. Dr. Osler has arrived at a time of life, a state of mind and a professional standing, when residence in England must have much in it that will prove attractive to him. His duties at Oxford are light, important and remunerative, and it could scarcely be hoped that he could be lured back to this sawdust and tan-bark country to take off his coat and shovel learning into farm boys. The enterprising private persons who sounded Dr. Osler on the subject, have at least saved the Governors the pain of tendering the prize to one who would decline it. After all, perhaps, it is just as well. Dr. Osler as a medical practitioner has shown an inquisitiveness about the human



ONE OF THE FAST ONES.



the occasion of such a complete re-making as would occur in the union of different churches. They want to re-say old truths in a way that will find modern acceptance. They want to abolish wordings that nobody to-day accepts without mental reservations that should not enter into such matters. In short, they want to be honest in questions of religion and conscience.

NOTHING can build up popular confidence in the meat packing industry of the United States but the agency that has destroyed it, and even that agency will find it easier to pull down than to build up. Exposure of the disgraceful conditions under which canned goods were prepared has been made in the press of the whole world, and to merely reform these conditions will not be enough. Even when that is done it will be necessary, through the press of the whole world, to show that the reformation has taken place. That will be next to impossible. The newspapers of the United States may feel an interest in spreading such news, but foreign papers will not feel called upon to busy themselves in the cause, nor will they be convinced, very readily, that reform in the packing methods has been genuine and complete. Soon we shall see the ten-cent magazines that flood America, filled with illustrated descriptions of the wonderful places where the food of the people is prepared with the utmost care. Rosy-faced girls in snow-white aprons will stand in long rows at marble tables, with a nice Sunday-school-superintendent kind of man in charge of them. The picture will present an effect of daintiness, like that of a fashionable cooking class. You will be told that it is in rooms of this sort that all the food is handled, and the millionaire proprietor and his family will be shown, attired as becomes their wealth, eating potted meats on the premises. The whole industry will be so reformed, and the change will be so carefully photographed and advertised in the magazines, that one can imagine Texas steers fighting madly to be first to enter the beautiful slaughter rooms and pass under the hands of the white-suited slayers who will hereafter perform this task in Spotless Town. There will need to be, not only national, but State and municipal, inspection of such places, and men in every walk of life will have to be encouraged to go through such establishments at pleasure to see for themselves and testify to the absolute cleanliness and care with which meats are treated from the time they roam on the hoof until they come under the can-opener of the consumer. This food-preparing business will require hereafter to be conducted in glass houses, under the eye of the world. Prices will necessarily go up, but there should be a considerable improvement in the health of those people who eat prepared foods. The canning of vegetables, fish and everything else meant for table use, will have to be conducted on much more careful methods.

Wives who do not know how to keep house—who cannot be bothered learning to bake, roast or broil, but who feed their husbands on baled hay for breakfast, and canned what-nots cooked in Chicago for dinner, with factory pie for dessert, should read current literature on foods and go back to their mothers for some cooking lessons. The greatest pure food agency in the world is the fine old family cook stove. MACK.

#### Canadian Agents and British Consuls.

CANADIAN business men are not making what use they might of the facilities that exist for pushing their trade abroad. The Department of Trade and Commerce is seeking to stir them up to take advantage of their opportunities by keeping in touch with the Canadian commercial agents. Perhaps there are many business men who do not know who these agents are, and their names and addresses may be of interest:

Australasia—J. S. Larke, The Exchange, Sydney, agent for New South Wales, Queensland and New Zealand; D. H. Ross, Stock Exchange, Melbourne, agent for Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania.

France—A. Poindron, 101 Rue Reaumur, Paris. Great Britain—P. B. Ball, Room 39 and 40, Central House, Birmingham; J. B. Jackson, cor. of E. Parade and Greek street, Leeds, agent for Leeds and Hull; P. B. MacNamara, Canada Chambers, 36 Spring Gardens, Manchester; W. A. MacKinnon, Sun Buildings, Clare street, Bristol.

Japan—Alex. MacLean, No. 14 Bund, Room B., Yokohama.

Mexico—A. W. Donly, Apartado 2029, Mexico, D.F.

Newfoundland—E. D. Arnaud, Gazette Building, Walter street, St. John's.

Norway—C. E. Sontum, Grubbegd, No. 4, Christiania, Norway, also agent for Denmark.

South Africa—C. M. Kittson, Rhodes Building, Cape Town, Cape Colony.

West Indies—G. Eustace Burke, Kingston, Jamaica; R. Bryson, St. John, Antigua, agent for Antigua, Montserrat and Dominica; S. L. Horsford, St. Kitts, agent for St. Kitts, Nevis and the Virgin Islands; Edgar Tripp, Port of Spain, Trinidad, agent for Trinidad and Tobago.

In view of the somewhat general impression, especially among the manufacturers and exporters of Canada, that the commercial agency service should be greatly extended, and further in view of the fact that Canada has not a single commercial agent in the United States, the superintendent of commercial agencies recently addressed a circular letter to all British consuls-general and consuls in that Republic seeking if possible to bring about some measure of harmony between these officials and the Canadian business community, and thereby if possible unofficially enroll their services more directly in the interests of Canadian trade.

The impression has existed in Canada that British consuls would not interest themselves in pushing Canadian trade. The consuls in the United States have replied to enquiries cordially offering to place their services at the disposal of Canadians as of all other British subjects. So far, they say, in trade matters Canadians have not often availed themselves of their services.

#### Individualities.

Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, who lectured in Toronto a few months ago, and whose writings, charming for their sane outlook and delicacy of phrasing, have been widely read in Canada, leaves shortly for the Maine Coast for the summer. During his vacation he will give the finishing touches to his new volume of essays, *The Fortunes of the Republic*, to be issued this autumn by the Revell Company.

Noted English authors in the religious field are to be in Canada and the United States for this summer and fall. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan will occupy the pulpit at several places in addition to lecture work. Dr. W. L.

#### THE AUTOGRAPH BOOK OF BLUE

By H. W. Jakeway

SHE gave him her book to write in—  
Her autograph book of blue—  
And she said: "Write it straight, now, Tommy,  
And something nice and true."  
Stiffly and squarely he wrote a ceremony.  
For his queen with the eyes of Empress  
Proudly, and signed it, "Tommy"  
"Maggie, I love you true."

A youth came from a college—  
A student grave and wise—  
He looked at the little old autograph book;  
He looked at her true blue eyes.  
And he scrawled, with cynical smiling,  
In the old, old book of blue,  
Of the folly of love, and signed it,  
"Thomas Reginald Hugh."

A man came from his labors,  
Learned in the school of years;  
Gazed at the little blue book, and dreamed,  
And gazed, as he dreamed, through tears.  
Then he looked and saw her smiling,  
With tears in her eyes of blue.  
And he wrote and signed it, "Tommy"—  
"Maggie, I love you true."

Watkinson, probably England's most noted preacher of the day, is to lecture at various churches and seminaries. Gipsy Smith, an evangelist of much power, will lecture at various conferences and assemblies and in churches throughout the country.

Richard Croker, the former "Boss" of Tammany, though resident abroad, still keeps in close touch with United States affairs, through the newspapers or constant visitors from New York. He said to a visitor a few days ago: "I think Roosevelt is bound to be re-nominated and re-elected. His actions show he is more in the fight to-day than he ever was. Nothing can get him out of it. If opposition arises to him in the Republican party, I should, if I were at home, favor his nomination by the Democratic National Convention, as the situation stands to-day."

The young Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who is heir-presumptive to the throne of Holland, is immensely wealthy, and almost certainly has more money invested in private business enterprises than any other royalty living. He has more than a million in the Imperial Bank, the shareholders of which, by the way, include the King of Wurtemberg, Duke Karl Theodore of Bavaria, Prince Frederick of Waldeck-Pyrmont, Prince von Bulow, and scores of other dukes and princes. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar is "interested" in meat, candles, furniture, cream, hosiery, bootmaking, glass-blowing, and several publishing businesses.

Lord Sandwich, who has just been the King's host at Hinchbrook House, is one of the most cultivated and agreeable of bachelor peers. Nay, more, he is one of those men who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." During the South African war he entertained wounded and invalided officers at his beautiful historic country seat, and many a brave soldier owes to him recovered health and the power to carry on the fight. The owner of Hinchbrook is very musical; no mean performer himself, he delights in entertaining musicians, both famed and obscure, and he has many devoted friends in the artistic world. Of late years Lord Sandwich has made some interesting additions to his country home, and the place, both indoors and out, is wonderfully stately and beautiful, while the library is noted among bibliophiles.

Readers of *The Martyrdom of an Empress*, of *The Trident* and *The Net*, and other works by the same popular authoress, will be interested to learn that the French Government has just bestowed upon her the Gold Palm Leaves of the Order de l'Instruction Publique, which is the grade immediately superior to that of Officer of the Academy. This distinction, rarely granted to women, is conferred in recognition of literary merit, and in this instance may be regarded as the appreciation by the French Government of the efforts of a native of Brittany, living in America, to make known here in an attractive light that most interesting portion of France. This being the case, the authoress is certain to attach much more value to the decoration just received than to the feminine orders of knighthood which she has possessed for years, and to prize it as highly as her medal for saving life.

Journalism in the United States is, on the whole, truly remarkable. For example, when an athlete who is "an American citizen" is defeated by a resident of another country, it is quite amazing and certainly very amusing to hear the papers "on the other side" explain how it happened. If the winner is a Canadian the easiest course is generally taken—that of claiming him as an "American." But many other remarkable explanations are made. The Yankee papers are trying to forget Sherring, and just now are telling their readers how it happened that Jay Gould, the United States court tennis crack, was beaten by Eustace Miles, an Englishman. A Buffalo paper says that Mr. Miles is such a diet crank that he "won by sheer force of bodily tissue built up by his remarkable system of dietetics." No wonder even a Yankee could not stand up against a freak of that sort! But the best of it is that the Buffalo paper says Mr. Miles, who is not only an athlete but a writer of books, first had his attention directed to food values while in Boston, U.S.A., a few years ago. Wonderful, isn't it?

Miss Olga Nethersole, the emotional English actress who harrowed the souls of a goodly number of Toronto theatergoers during the past winter by playing *The Labyrinth* at the Princess, tells of an experience which she had a few seasons ago in Baltimore. She says: "I am very fond of dogs, and my favorite is a Scotch collie that I always carry with me wherever I go; but by some mischance, while I was playing in the monumental city, the dog strayed away, and for three days we made futile search for the pet. We advertised, offering big rewards, and were repaid in the usual lost-dog fashion by having brought to our doors by persons eager to capture the prize. On the evening of the third day my collie was caught at a police-station on the other side of the town, and my brother brought him to the theater, not thinking

to hold him in leash when he came to the stage-door. I was in the most trying part of the tragedy, the potion scene, when the collie, hearing my voice, made a bound for the stage; and just as I was ready to take the potion he sprang toward me and, leaping up, placed both paws upon my shoulder. I was so glad to see the prodigal that I forgot my business entirely, threw my arms about him, and stood there hugging him within full view of the audience. It is scarcely necessary to add that the curtain had to come down."

#### New York Letter.

THE cartoonists and paragraphers of the daily press are making merry just now over striking coincidences which Baron Speck Von Sternberg, the German Ambassador, has discovered between the maxims credited to Kang-Hi, the great Chinese Emperor, and those of the present executive of the White House, as culled from his speeches. To most of us the homely precepts of Mr. Roosevelt have long had all the familiarity of the commonplace, but it remained for the Baron, either in humor or in scientific curiosity to trace their actual antiquity. The Baron does not say that he has completed his researches, and it is possible, even probable, that the original of these excerpts may be found to date back much further than the eighteenth century. The interval of silence may be a long one, for it is safe to assume that until the diplomatic Ambassador has found this wisdom on the lips of a monarch worthy to compare with these other philosophic rulers, he will not publish the information.

The second anniversary of the *Slocum* disaster brought several thousand of the bereaved, their friends and actual survivors to the Lutheran Cemetery on Long Island the other day, where the annual memorial service was held. Many affecting scenes were witnessed as the old wounds were re-opened and the horrors of that day recalled, in which over a thousand helpless women and children were burned to death or drowned on that ill-fated Sunday school excursion. We are also reminded—and this is an interesting commentary on the administration of justice hereabout—that in spite of the proven culpability of everyone concerned—ship's officers, Government inspectors, and boat owners—not a hair of any official head has been hurt. The captain, it is true, was tried, convicted and sentenced a year and a half after the disaster, but has not yet served a day of his sentence, and is not likely to do so. Reflecting on such maladministration, the marvel is not that lynch law obtains in this enlightened country, but that it is confined to comparatively small areas. But the worst reproach of all is that the same thing could happen again on almost any excursion boat plying its trade in New York harbor.

Baseball is ever dear to the American heart, and pennant day proved a field day for the baseball enthusiasts of New York. Preceded by a squad of mounted police, brass bands, and every baseball team, youthful and grown-up, that had a uniform, and could get a holiday, the Giants made a triumphal march down Broadway from Union square to the ball grounds, where the world's pennant was run up with proper ceremony. The mayor reviewed the procession from the City Hall steps, and the small boy cheered himself hoarse as team after team passed in review order, with "eyes left" and bats at the shoulder.

An excellent example of the old Canadian game of lacrosse was furnished on Saturday in the match between the Brantfords and Crescents on the latter's grounds at Bay Ridge, L.I. The final result was a tie, but had the Canadians shown the same speed in the first as in the second half their victory would have been decisive. A downpour of rain hampered the players at first, and made effective passing impossible, and from these conditions the visitors seemed to suffer most. They seemed also unprepared for the pace which their opponents set. In the second half, however, they pulled themselves together, changing the score from 3-1 to 3-3, and giving as good an exhibition of lacrosse as one could wish to see. The game evidently has its votaries on this side, for in spite of the weather the grand stand was packed and the rail lined with enthusiastic spectators.

The popularity of Mme. Bernhardt was put to a severe test this week, in inviting an audience at the tail end of the season and under practically midsummer conditions to attend her three farewell performances at the Lyric. With the thermometer in the eighties, it is not easy to take dramatic or any other art seriously, while the formality of indoor entertainment in formal attire is physically appalling. Visions of Coney Island, too, and roof gardens, lure one rather temptingly to their cool conserves and their less exacting means of entertainment. But Bernhardt, who has stood every test, even that of time, stood this with undiminished prestige, and the theater on all three occasions was packed from pit to dome. There were no such scenes as seem to have marked the Ellen Terry jubilee in London on the same day, but the reception was exceedingly enthusiastic and hearty.

The audience was, of course, not the usual one of mid-season that makes the visit of such a celebrity a social event, and no list of "among those present" had to be published. In fact, to all appearances the assemblage was quite as diverse as the programme. No one of any social account would own to being in town at this late date, to be sure, although the brilliant Roche-Burden wedding at Grace church the day before gave smart people an excellent excuse for at least a look-in. I saw Maxim Gorki in one of the boxes and a prima donna or two in another, and these proved more or less an index to the foreign, literary and Bohemian character of a large percentage of the house.

J. E. W.

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LADY GOING ABROAD in Autumn would take school girls or others to their destination.  
BOX 8, SATURDAY NIGHT.



The annual military ball given by the Queen's Royal Hotel to the officers forming the military encampment took place in the beautifully decorated Casino attached to the hotel on Wednesday, June 20. Brigadier-General Otter, K.C., and Mrs. Otter accepted invitations, and the evening was even a greater success than in former years. Many prominent society people from Toronto were present, among whom were: Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. J. B. Muller, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Deacon, Mrs. W. C. Fox, Colonel and Mrs. Peuchen, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Boulton, Mrs. J. J. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Williams, Mrs. Miller, Colonel and Mrs. Houston, Mrs. Gilmore, Mr. Mack, Mr. W. P. Murray, Major and Mrs. Silverthorne, Mr. J. J. Foy, Mr. J. Teetzel, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. Murray Lee, Mr. Fertel, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Major and Mrs. Lee, Major and Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Merritt, Miss Lee, Mr. C. Cambie, Mr. H. A. Bruce, Major and Mrs. Berger, Miss Davidson, Major McPherson, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, General Lake and staff. The blue uniforms of the U.S. officers from Fort Niagara on the other side of the river made a pleasant variety to the rifle green and scarlet of the Canadian service and the light dresses of the ladies.

Mrs. Cattermole of London and Mrs. Waterman (nee Cattermole) are spending some weeks with Dr. and Mrs. Cattermole at their home, 619 Spadina avenue. Mrs. Waterman has been for some months in Somerville, S.C., and visiting Northern cities in the States.

The At Home given by Miss Veals at Glen Mawr last Friday was, like all the entertainments at this popular and populous school, distinguished by a quiet and dignified welcome from the principal and her assistant, and the kindest attentions from not only the young students but a bevy of bright girls who in late years were also attendants at Glen Mawr, but have recently gone into society and are among the sweetest of the last two or three seasons' debutantes. Miss Veals and Fraulien received in the drawing-room, and the guests passed down the long salon to the refreshment room across the hall, where a buffet done with crimson and white peonies and crimson roses was loaded with all sorts of good things. The threatening weather prevented the arrangements for a marquee on the lawn, as a refreshment tent, being carried out, but the fickle sunshine being good enough to appear after all, the guests found their way out when the rooms were unduly crowded. Miss Olive Belyea, a pupil of Dr. Ham, sang during the At Home. She has a fine rich voice, and under careful training should be heard from later among the successful singers. There were many well-known and prominent people at the tea, which was exceedingly pleasant. The Misses Mortimer Clark, whose young cousin, Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, was assisting in the tea-room, were among the guests. Mrs. Burrows, whose daughter assisted; Mrs. Shirley Denison and her daughter, Miss Edith; Mrs. Leonard Boyd, Dr. and Mrs. Ham, Mrs. J. E. and Miss Gertrude Thompson, Mrs. Edward Hay, and Mrs. G. P. Reid, whose daughters assisted; Mrs. and Miss Maisie Tyrrell, Mrs. and Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, the Misses Galt, Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie, were a very few of those present.

On Friday Miss Dallas and Miss Curlette gave a garden tea and dared the weather with the pleasantest results, the lawn of Westbourne School being in perfect shape and the afternoon lovely. The principals received at the entrance to the garden, and the students waited upon the guests with all sorts of nice things from the refreshment marquee, which was set on the east border of the lawn. Everybody found the way into Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles' very picturesque and convenient studio home, at the foot of the lawn, which is indeed an ideal place for work, play, and residence. Specimens of the various art work done by the class were set about for notice and criticism. A very few of those who came and went included Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mrs. and Miss Sweetnam, Mrs. Fletcher Snyder, Mrs. and Miss Henderson, Dr. Henderson, Mrs. Jennings of the Junction, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Jr., Miss Gibson, Mrs. Douglas Ponton, Mrs. and Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Gregory of Westminster College, Miss Paterson, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Goodwin Gibson, Mrs. T. Bird, Mrs. Bonnell, Mrs. W. N. Cross, Mrs. Henry Strath, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. Donald, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Trent, Mrs. and Miss A. E. Kemp, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. T. Lee, Miss Livingston, Mrs. Playfair, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. and Miss Heaven, Mrs. Thorburn, Miss Rowand, Mrs. Pigott, Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Mrs. C. J. James, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. O'Meara, Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Macdonald, Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. J. K. Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, Miss Blaikie, Mrs. Scott Waldie, Mrs. Vogt, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. John Galbraith and many others.

Mr. W. Grant Morden paid a flying visit to town on Saturday.

Mrs. and Miss Tait left on Monday for Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn went on Wednesday, and all sailed for England by the *Victorian* on Thursday morning.

A misprint or error of some sort in this column mentioned that Mrs. "Kent," instead of Kemp, and her daughters were back at Castle Frank. The mention of their home made the error plain to friends. They have had a most delightful sojourn of several months abroad, and I fancy have brought back some pretty things. Miss Kemp looked very smart at one of Friday's garden parties, where friends were greeting the travellers with hearty welcome home.

The engagement of Miss Creighton of Brantford and Mr. W. H. Fitton, C.B. of C. Brantford, is announced. Miss Creighton has many friends here, and admirers without number.

A merry matron tells me that it's rare fun to "do" Toronto's Coney Island (Hanlan's Point) these evenings,

and that an excellent dinner is served at Hotel Hanlan. A variety of amusement and enough laughter to bid dull care be gone is the after-dinner digester which all may enjoy.

"Weather being kind" is always a proviso when anticipating Island festivities. The Yacht Club garden party on Thursday depended for its success on the right sort of effort on the part of the weather man, who rose to the occasion with a golden June day—just right temperature—so that the party opened with great *cclat*. The music of the band added greatly to the occasion, and the scene was of much brightness and beauty. In the evening the lawns were illuminated, and the club-house was filled to overflowing with guests for dinner, which was followed by the usual dance on the perfect floor of the ballroom upstairs. The particulars will be given next week.

The marriage of Miss Flora Patterson, daughter of Mr. R. L. Patterson of Fernwood, Todmorden, and Mr. Thomas Moore of Montreal, took place at the home of the bride's parents on Saturday at half-past two o'clock. Rev. T. Ashcroft of York Mills officiating. Although the weather was dull, the heavy rain of early morning did not last, and the guests had a chance to enjoy and admire the fine country place which is the Patterson home. Flowers and palms were lavishly used to decorate the spacious drawing-room and the entire mansion. An orchestra discoursed sweet music, and the smart assembly of relatives and friends awaited the bride, who was brought in and given away by her father, who looked the part, being of fine presence. Miss Patterson wore a handsome bridal gown of *poplin de soie*, and carried roses and lilies. She was attended by Miss Sarah Rogers of Deer Park, as bridesmaid, and Miss Lillian Patterson and Miss Isobel Ashcroft as flower girls, the bridesmaid wearing a beautiful costume of embroidered muslin, with a bouquet of pink roses, and the little girls in white muslin, sashed with pink. Mr. Edward Moore of Montreal was best man. After the ceremony, hearty congratulations were offered to the young couple, most of the guests being old friends who have seen the bride grow up from happy childhood into bright, intelligent girlhood, and very lovable young womanhood. After the usual speeches and compliments the bride and groom left for their honeymoon in New York. Mrs. Moore going away in a costume de voyage of grey homespun, touched with blue and gold, and a pretty white hat. A great many handsome gifts testified to her friends' esteem and affection for her.

Miss Dallas, whose queenly presence and charming tact have been the pride of Westbourne School since she, as first principal, took charge, is leaving Toronto, and going to make her home in Vancouver, where her mother and sister have been living for some time. To say that her hosts of friends regret losing Miss Dallas from Toronto is putting it very mildly.

Mrs. Fudger, who, I hear, advanced her tea from Saturday to Friday rather than conflict with her friend, Mrs. Flavell's similar entertainment, had her reward in the beautiful afternoon which made her guests enjoy the affair exceedingly. A military band played on the lawn of the residence in Maple avenue, and all went most joyously, the marquee on the beautiful green turf being set with a handsome buffet done with peonies in red and white and pink. The guest of honor was Mrs. R. B. Fudger, daughter-in-law of the hostess. The guests were many and the gowns extremely smart.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock did not, as reported, go to Niagara on Monday. They will spend the summer at the Royal Muskoka with their little daughters. Mrs. Falconbridge, who has been in New York, returned home last week.

Miss Helena Thompson has gone to Nelson on a visit to her sister, Mrs. E. Wragge. Lady Thompson and her youngest daughter, Miss Frankie, are in Muskoka, where they always spend as much of the summer as is possible.

The promotion of Mr. Haydn Horsey to a post in the Bank at Montreal, which necessitates his removal from Toronto, soon to be followed by Mrs. Horsey, is a matter of sincere regret to the many friends of this popular pair, who congratulate them with a mental reservation.

The newest and smartest thing in tea-rooms, the Teapot Inn, will open on July 3 at 103 Yonge street. A charming color scheme, an artistic simplicity, refinement of service, and the personal supervision of the gentlewomen who are carrying out the idea, will combine with appetizing viands and moderate charges to make the Teapot Inn a desirable resort for those who wish to refresh themselves or to entertain their friends with the ordered comfort they are accustomed to at home. Business men will find the new lunch-room central, the service prompt, and the meals satisfactory.



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Lady (to Vet.)—Oh! Mr. Smith. Poor dear, brave Fido bit a horrid man an hour ago. Do you think my darling will die?—Tailor.

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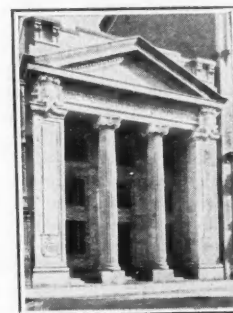
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—Translated from "Le Rire."

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**Herbert C. Jaquith**, Confed. Life Bldg.  
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**Mrs. Adalyn K. Pigott**, 152 Bloor St. East.  
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## ROMANCE OF A GREAT MINE

BY S. E. MOFFETT

THE most extraordinary deposit of native copper known to exist on the globe is  
"On the shores of Gitchie Gumeé,  
Of the shining Big Sea Water."

Indeed, there is no other mass of pure metal of any kind to compare with it. A single little nugget of Lake Superior copper weighed over five hundred tons. There is a famous lump of ore, weighing between three and four tons, at the National Museum at Washington. The Indians used to chip off bits of it around the edges, but they could make no impression on its bulk with their stone tools.

Its fame induced General Lewis Cass to send a party up the Ontonagon river, in 1819, when he was heading the first exploring expedition despatched by the United States through the Lake Superior region. The Cass party tried to detach the copper from its bed by heaping thirty cords of wood upon it and then dousing the heated rock with cold water, after the fashion of the old Indian miners, but they failed. Others made equally futile attempts, but finally, after nursing the scheme for sixteen years, Julius Eldred of Detroit succeeded in getting the treasure aloft in 1843. He had bought it once from the Chippewa Indians, who owned the land on which it lay, and then had to buy it again from a rival who was preparing to remove it under a permit from the Secretary of War. He built a wooden railway, on a road cut through the forest for the purpose, and jacked the boulder with a capstan and chains for four miles and a half through ravines and over hills six hundred feet high to get it to navigable water. When it finally reached the lake the Government thanked Mr. Eldred for his trouble and took possession of the treasure as public property. The authorities generously allowed the pioneer to put his curiosity on exhibition for a month at twenty-five cents a head, and then carted it off to Washington. Eldred appealed to Congress, and surpassed all his previous efforts by the almost miraculous feat of getting a relief bill through that body in four years instead of the usual three generations. By the authority of this Act the Government paid to him and his sons \$5,664.98 for the Ontonagon boulder. Thus was inaugurated the commercial copper industry of Lake Superior.

Five hundred years ago, when the forest stretched unbroken from sea to prairie, and no smudge of coal-smoke defiled the sapphire sky, the finger of land pointing from Northern Michigan into Lake Superior, with Isle Royale beyond, was a center of American industry. The Indians prized copper as we prize gold, and there were just two places on the continent where they could get it. One was on the Copper-mine river, on the Arctic confines of the Canadian North-West, and the other was on Lake Superior. They had no use for ores that called for scientific reduction-works—what they wanted was a place where they could pick up lumps of pure metal from the ground, and beat them into knives and spoons with stone hammers. And Northern Michigan provided exactly what they needed.

To the Indian, copper was at once a precious treasure and a formidable "medicine," to be treated with cautious respect. The god Missibizi was particularly jealous of the supply of it on his island of Michipicoten. Modern map-makers have fastened the island down to a point about ten miles from the Canadian shore of Lake Superior, but in Missibizi's time it used to be aloft, and the god would shift it from one part of the lake to another, as the humor took him. It is not unlike a canoe in shape, and when the Indians saw that gigantic craft, fifteen miles long, plunging through the waves, with the angry deity sitting on its hills, his head wreathed in thunder-clouds, and his long, black hair snapping in the storm, as he propelled himself with vicious strokes of a paddle as big as the board-walk at Atlantic City, they were excusable for placing themselves elsewhere as unobtrusively as possible. One day, some centuries ago, four of them happened upon the island in a fog. They drew up their canoe on the beach and cooked some fish by putting them in water in a birch-bark vessel, boiling the water with red-hot stones. These stones were some of Missibizi's copper nuggets. They were red and heavy, and the Indians thought them worth taking home to their children. Accordingly, they put them into their canoe, and, when the weather cleared, they pushed off. But, while they were still in the shadow of the island, they heard the awful voice of the god roaring his wrath at the thieves who had robbed his children of their toys. One of them, according to the legend, died of fright on the spot. The others paddled, with the clutch of desperate terror at their hearts, until their canoe grated upon the beach of the mainland. They started home, and two dropped dead on the way. The solitary survivor staggered into the village of his tribe, exhibited the red stones, with which he had never parted, and told his tale. Then he died, too, and the vengeance of Missibizi was complete. The Jesuit missionaries, to whom this tale was told long afterward, tried to explain away the miracle. They pretended that the copper in the boiling water poisoned the fish, and that the roaring voice of Missibizi was nothing but an echo in the rocks. They even rationalized the floating island into an illusion caused by refraction through the mists. But the Indians knew better. They knew that the higher powers were all around them. The lake itself was a divinity, to which they prudently offered sacrifices. Every lump of copper had celestial qualities, and many nuggets were individual deities. Father Claude Allouez, who saw the copper deposits of Lake Superior in 1665, and was the first white man to describe them with any accuracy, found a whole pantheon of copper gods there. "One often," he remarked in the journal embodied in the *Jesuit Relations*, "finds at the bottom of the water, pieces of pure copper of ten and twenty livres' weight. I have several times seen such pieces in the savages' hands; and, since they are superstitious, they keep them as so many divinities, or as presents which the gods dwelling beneath the water have given them, and on which their welfare is to depend. For this reason they preserve these pieces of copper, wrapped up, among their most precious possessions. Some have kept them for more than fifty years; others have had them in their families from time immemorial, and cherish them as household gods."

Father Allouez was told of "a sort of great rock, all of copper," projecting from the water, but when he passed that way nothing was to be seen of it. Always ready with a natural explanation for the miracles of any religion but his own, he thought the storms had covered it with sand; but the Indians assured him that it was a

divinity who, for some reason satisfactory to himself, had chosen to disappear.

Another Indian theory at this time was that the nuggets of copper found under water in the lake and in the river emptying into it were the riches of the gods who dwelt in the depths of the earth. This idea was easily related with the solicitude of Missibizi for the playthings of his children.

Before the visit of Father Allouez, Father Joliet had been sent by the Intendant Talon to investigate the copper-mines of which rumors had been brought to Montreal by the fur-trading Indians, but he had met with no success.

The first published hints of these deposits had been given by La Garde in 1636, but nothing definite was known of them until the Jesuit missionaries encountered them in the course of that prolonged martyrdom in the splendor of whose enduring courage all the romances of chivalry flicker like tallow-dips.

The first reference made by the Jesuits to Lake Superior copper appears in the Relation for 1659-60, supposed to have been written by Father Lalemant. The writer, whose knowledge was obtained from a converted Indian, said of the lake: "It is also enriched in its entire circumference with mines of lead in a nearly pure state, with copper of such excellence that pieces as large as one's fist are found, all refined; and with great rocks, having whole veins of turquoise." When to this were added golden sands and easy communication by water with the Pacific Ocean the bit of plain truth about copper almost disappears from view.

After the expulsion of the French from North America the English began to take an inventory of their new possessions. They were eager for opportunities to exploit the country, and there was much activity among travellers and capitalists in the North-West in the period between the last French war and the Revolution. In 1763, Alexander Henry found an abundance of virgin copper on the banks of the Ontonagon river. The Indians were making spoons and bracelets of it. Five years later he joined a partnership for working the lake mines of all kinds, but the enterprise was a failure.

Henry would have been surprised if he had lived to see a single copper-mine in that region paying eighty million dollars in dividends in thirty years—a record never matched by any other mine on earth, whether of copper, silver, gold or diamonds.

Lake Superior copper is found in three forms—"stamp," "barrel" and "mass" copper. The stamp copper occurs in small bits, imbedded in rock, and has to be separated in a stamp-mill. The Indians had no use for it, but modern miners find it the most profitable of all. Barrel copper comes in good-sized lumps, which can be picked up and thrown into barrels. It is eminently adapted to primitive needs. Mass copper is found in huge boulders, sometimes containing over five hundred tons of nearly pure metal, worth from one hundred thousand dollars to two hundred thousand dollars. It was almost useless to the Indians, and even the miners of to-day, with their specially invented tools for cutting it, consider it the least profitable form of all. One mine was nearly ruined by striking a mass of six or seven hundred tons of virgin copper which could be neither dug nor blasted, and had to be cut away with cold-chisels.

Commercial mining on the lake began in 1845, and was carried on for some years under the guidance of the old Indian pits and trenches. But before long the situation was changed by the discovery of a vein the Indians never could have worked if they had known of it—the "Calumet Conglomerate." This was discovered by Edwin J. Hulbert, a trained explorer, in 1858. He secured titles to the land and then proceeded to interest Boston capital in his mining enterprise. For a time he was exclusive owner of the whole property, but money was needed to operate it, and he had not the capital. He was allotted a certain number of shares, but was unable to hold them. If he had been able to hold his interest, he would have been worth about \$25,000,000. But he never drew a dividend, being unable to put up calls on his shares for development work. He had to drop out, but lived to see those shares sell at thirty-six times their face value.

Of all the professions, the law is best represented in the present English House of Commons. Over one hundred and fifty—or nearly twenty-two and a half per cent.—are barristers or solicitors. Military commissions of one kind or another are held by 110. There is but one peer, but there are twenty-nine baronets, twenty-nine knights, thirty-five sons of peers, and twenty-four sons of baronets. Of doctors there are but ten.

The Czar as a constitutional Sovereign will be a new Czar altogether. "Dismiss these foolish dreams" was the advice he once gave to those who had come to tell him that an era of change was at hand. Now the Russian Duma speaking with assured voice will find his Majesty in a more receptive frame of mind. But the autocracy of Nicholas II. has before now yielded to the influence of straight talk coming from the right person. When in the interests of the Vierkleur Mr. Kruger was stumping Europe with more or less success, says the *Tatler*, it seemed more than probable that he would extend his mission to St. Petersburg. The late Duke of Edinburgh, who was there at the time, got an inkling that the Czar proposed to receive Mr. Kruger. The Duke did not think this would do at all. He accordingly asked for an audience of his relative, and, of course, got it at once. "Look here, Nicholas," he said with his sailorlike directness, "I hear Kruger is coming and that you're going to see him. That'll never do, you know. I couldn't stop here, and in short you'd better stop him." Mr. Kruger did not come to St. Petersburg.



## HOSPITALITY.

"Cheer up, Mister; come an' stand in my shadder!"  
Contributed to SATURDAY NIGHT by a young Toronto Artist.

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Years spent in wandering and gathering amongst the Old Country mansions and farm-houses of England and the Continent have brought together a unique collection of genuine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old French Furniture, Sheffield Plate, Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old Silver, etc.

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There's a Charm in cleanliness. There is beauty in neatness. We keep you well supplied with both at a cost that is ridiculously small compared with the results obtained. Think, your personal appearance is everything to your business and social standing.

**"My Valet" Fountain, The Tailor** CLEANER and REPAIRER OF CLOTHES.  
130 Adelaide Street West.—Phone Main 3074.

Unkind.  
Mrs. Lakeside—Yes, I'm a bride, and I feel as if I were in the seventh heaven.

Mrs. Knicker—What, have you been married six times before?—Translated from "Fliegende Blätter."

## How He Headed Her Off.

Mrs. Closewon (who weighs in at 250)—I'm going to take riding lessons.

Closewon—If you do I'll notify the S. P. C. A.—Translated from "Megendorfer Blätter."

## A Dire Threat.

Reggy Deswelle (to his tailor)—Weally, I think I have been very patient with you. I promised again and again to pay you, but if you keep on bothering me I simply won't promise any more.—Translated from "Fliegende Blätter."



## INVESTMENTS.

**Reports on Securities  
Furnished on application.**

**Bonds and Stock bought  
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LIMITED  
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO

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Deposits of \$1.00 and  
upwards received.

Subject to cheque  
withdrawal without  
notice.

Interest allowed at  
three and one-half  
per cent. per annum,  
calculated on the  
Daily Balance.

**CAPITAL**  
(Subscribed) **\$2,500,000**  
**CAPITAL**  
(Paid-up) **\$1,500,000**  
**RESERVE**  
**FUND** **\$1,000,000**

**CENTRAL  
CANADA  
LOAN & SAVINGS COY.**  
25 KING ST. E. TORONTO.

**STOCK AND INVESTMENT BROKERS**  
**Wyatt & Co.**  
(MEMBERS TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE)  
Canada Life Building, Toronto  
Correspondence Solicited

### METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid-Up - \$1,000,000  
Reserve Fund - \$1,000,000

BRANCHES IN TORONTO:  
Cor. College and Bathurst Streets.  
Cor. Dundas and Arthur Streets.  
Cor. Queen Street E. and Lee Ave.  
Cor. Queen and McEwen Streets.  
40-42 King Street West.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT**  
AT ALL BRANCHES

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Insurance Company  
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A strong British Life Office offering absolute  
security to insureds. Expense of management  
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4 PER CENT. allowed on all deposits—sub-  
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Real Estate Department.—The  
Company undertakes the management of  
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sale of same.

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Lee Coy.**  
PURE ICE SPECIALISTS  
Is at your service with a big stock of pure,  
clear, solid ice—the best on the market.  
Rates as low as any. Full satisfaction  
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Call up Main 14, 1947, or  
2933. Office, 10 Melinda  
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for Consumptives**  
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**DOLLARS**  
Contributed by the Public  
on account of  
**LOVE AND HUMANITY**  
SEND TO  
H. G. Hammond, Treasurer  
21 Jordan St., Toronto

## TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL



MR. J. W. LANGMUIR,  
TORONTO.

Montreal, June 21.  
MR. ROBERT LINDSAY, after a  
career of some six or seven  
years as a member of the Mont-  
real Stock Exchange, has decided to  
retire. If "Bob" Lindsay follows his  
own desires he will probably travel and  
gather about him some rare works of  
art, for if there is anything which Mr.  
Lindsay likes more than another it is a  
good picture. Before his entrance on  
the "Street" Mr. Lindsay was secretary  
of the Montreal Art Association. He  
then became interested in the brokerage  
business, finally giving up the Art  
Association altogether for the more remunerative but less  
artistic buying and selling of stocks. Quiet and reserved,  
Mr. Lindsay is, nevertheless, one of the most popular  
men on the "Street," and many frequenters will be sin-  
cerely sorry to have him disappear from those familiar  
haunts.

Speaking of art in combination with the brokerage  
business reminds one of the fact that there are several  
brokers whose art collections are worthy of more than  
passing attention. For instance, there is Mr. Harry  
Scott one of the best-known and oldest members of the  
Exchange. He has a house as well as an office full of  
fine pictures, and knows as well as anyone the value of a  
painting when he sees it. Then there is Senator Forget,  
who has within the past few years gathered together an  
elaborate and expensive collection, while W. H. Weir  
has been a liberal buyer of paintings for a long time.  
The most artistic "cuss" the "Street" has seen in the  
present decade, however, is J. Try-Davies, who is now  
retired from the Exchange, and who spends a liberal  
portion of his time in Europe. Try-Davies not only  
knows a picture when he sees it, but is a writer of no  
mean ability. He has turned out a number of works—  
mostly for private circulation—which are extremely  
creditable. For years he was a foremost member of a  
small and artistic set known as the Pen and Pencil Club.  
They wrote, drew and composed for their own amuse-  
ment, and the outside world has known little or nothing  
of it. Mr. Try-Davies' Montreal residence is a marvel in  
its way, and from cellar to garret reflects the personality  
of its owner.

There can be no question but that the scarcity of labor,  
ordinary everyday pick and shovel men,  
The Man is keeping back numerous of our large  
With the Pick. industrial corporations. For instance, the  
Dominion Coal Company is hard put for  
laborers, and quite recently Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, vice-  
president of this corporation, told your correspondent  
that his company did not know where to turn for men  
at Glace Bay. He said that they were seriously thinking  
of bringing on a lot of Chinese, as it appeared a hopeless  
task to supply themselves from other sources. So hard  
pressed for laborers are some of the city's manufacturing  
concerns that they are actually employing men to induce  
firemen and sailors away from the trans-Atlantic liners  
in the port, and as a matter of fact a number of steam-  
ships have set sail from Montreal short of men in the  
stoke hole from this cause. There appears to be skilled  
mechanics sufficient to meet present requirements, but the  
man with a broad back, a pair of hands, two legs and a  
willingness to work is the fellow everybody wants.

A dream respecting an order for 150,000 tons of rails,  
the same to be forthcoming from the  
Grand Trunk Pacific and filled by the Do-  
minion Iron and Steel Company, was set  
afloat a few days ago by a Montreal  
brokerage firm, the purpose being to boom the Steel Com-  
pany. Mr. J. H. Plummer happened to be in the city,  
however, and denied the whole story to the first news-  
paper man he met, thereby upsetting someone's apple cart.  
As a matter of fact there was not an atom of truth in  
the whole yarn, though without a doubt, when the time  
comes, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company will re-  
ceive a fair share of the Grand Trunk Pacific order for  
rails, as Mr. Plummer, since his return from Europe, has  
been able to adjust the differences which existed between  
the selling department of his corporation and the G.T.P.  
It is safe to say that if Mr. Plummer's health had per-  
mitted of his staying here throughout the past winter in  
place of remaining in Europe, the Dominion Iron and  
Steel Company would not be short of orders at the pre-  
sent time.

Rodolphe Forget, M.P., is among those who believe that  
Montreal Street Railway stock will event-  
ually look pretty cheap around three hun-  
dred. It is only a matter of time, perhaps  
six months or a year, when a general reorganization of  
the M.S.R. will take place. This reorganization will be  
necessary, as there are various suburban lines to take in,  
and in the general shuffle the stockholders will naturally  
come in for a share of the plum. It may be said in favor  
of M.S.R. stock that to-day it represents more actual  
capital and less water than any large corporation in the  
city, and further it is efficiently managed. The "public  
be damned" policy which has always been so evident in  
the Power Company does not exist here. A citizen with  
a justifiable "kick" will always get a hearing and some  
satisfaction at the head office of the M.S.R. Men such  
as W. G. Ross, the managing director; Duncan Mc-  
Donald, manager, and Patrick Dubé, secretary, all have  
the faculty of smoothing out the indignant citizen; mak-  
ing him feel better and at the same time seeing that the  
corporation they serve gets all that it is entitled to. With  
the M. S. R. there is an honest endeavor to serve the  
people, give them a good street car service, and do it  
all at reasonable rates. This the average Montrealer  
appreciates, and in place of being on the outs with the  
corporation which is monopolizing the city streets, the  
citizen points proudly to the service and speaks in the  
highest terms of it to his visitor from abroad.

Toronto, June 21.

THE enormous increase in the domestic exports of  
Canada the past few years is far beyond the ex-  
pectations of even the most sanguine observer of the  
country's development. A large share of this increase is  
no doubt due to the extended operations of the farmer in  
the North-West. A proof of this is that while the ex-  
ports for the past eleven months increased \$42,135,845  
over the preceding year, the increase in agricultural pro-  
ducts alone was \$22,409,000. The rapid growth of our

export trade may also be attributed to  
the improvements in transportation  
facilities, and to the energy of the Gov-  
ernment in the appointment of trade  
commissioners.

The total foreign trade of Canada  
for the eleven months of the present  
fiscal year was \$483,234,889, which is  
an increase of \$74,037,160, as compared  
with the corresponding period of last  
year. Our domestic exports were \$208,  
233,972, an increase of \$42,135,845;  
while our imports were \$257,421,427, an  
increase of \$24,146,800. The exports

of the United States for the eleven months of the present  
fiscal year were \$839,045,414, which is a trifle over four  
times as much. Individually, however, our exports are  
much greater than our neighbors. Canada's exports for  
the eleven months is equivalent to \$34.66 for every man,  
woman and child in the country, while the value of the  
United States exports is equivalent to only \$10.37 per  
capita. The export trade of Great Britain is about \$20  
per head of population. The immense increase in immi-  
gration into the Republic has not stimulated the exports  
of that country, as one would imagine. Our imports for  
the eleven months are valued at \$257,421,427, an increase  
of only \$24,146,000, while exports increased \$42,135,000.  
This, no doubt, is a favorable exhibit.

The crop situation is being discussed at this time by  
almost everybody. The grain production  
is of vital importance in Canada, not alone  
to the grower, but to the manufacturer,  
importer, banker and investor. Impending  
trouble arising from a too extended credit is often aver-  
ted by a bountiful yield of produce. Financially our  
farmers were never in better shape than to-day, owing to  
good crops and high prices for several years past. Under  
such conditions, general business could not be otherwise  
than prosperous. In the Province of Ontario the outlook  
for the crops is good. Fall wheat bids fair to be above  
the average yield, while the recent rains have been most  
beneficial to the hay crop. Owing to the mixed farming  
carried on in Ontario the hay crop is even of more im-  
portance than that of wheat. On the whole, a larger  
grain yield than last year is anticipated.

The reports from the North-West Provinces this week  
with regard to grain were never more hopeful. Pros-  
pects at this writing are for a record crop. The Winni-  
peg Commercial predicted a wheat crop of 85,000,000  
bushels for 1906, which was only a few thousand bushels  
too high. The same authority now estimates the wheat  
crop of 1906 at about 97,000,000 bushels. At an average  
of 65 cents per bushel, a population of about 800,000 will  
have \$63,000,000 to spend. This, it must be remembered,  
is from wheat alone. The area sown in oats is 1,838,000  
acres, as against 1,774,000 acres in 1905; barley, 546,000  
acres, against 529,000 acres last year.

The fourth annual meeting of the Sovereign Bank of  
Canada was held last week in Toronto,  
and the shareholders received a highly  
satisfactory report. As Hon. James Young  
said at the meeting, the fact that this  
bank had accumulated \$12,000,000 in deposits in four  
years evinced the cordiality of the public towards the in-  
stitution. One of the advantages of the Sovereign Bank  
in securing expansion of business is the wide distribution  
of its shares. One of the most important events of the  
year was the sale of a large block of stock to the Dres-  
dner Bank at \$130 per share net to the Bank, this, with  
the new stock issued in Canada, increasing the paid-up  
capital to \$3,585,410 on April 30. The reserve fund in-  
creases proportionately as the capital is paid in, and now  
amounts to about \$1,250,000. Another point considered  
very gratifying by the shareholders was the fact that the  
Bank's building in Montreal is a very profitable invest-  
ment, netting 5 per cent. per annum.

With such favorable agricultural conditions, there is  
naturally a very cheerful sentiment in  
business and money circles. Unless some  
unforeseen calamity happens before the  
harvests are garnered, the good times will continue, and  
the field for investment be enlarged. It is astonishing  
with what celerity the new capital issues put upon the  
market within a twelvemonth have been taken up, and  
apparently without affecting the money market to any  
great extent. Prices of securities continue to rule very  
steadily, notwithstanding the recent weakness of Ameri-  
cans. The action of the stock market here reflects but a  
limited amount of stock for sale. There is no floating  
supply, and while there is more or less activity, prices  
rarely more quickly than they decline.

Railway issues have been very quiet, with no important  
changes in prices. The companies are all  
doing a very heavy business, traffic re-  
turns showing large increases as compared  
with the previous year. The fifty weeks'  
gross earnings of Canadian Pacific are \$10,604,000 greater  
than for the corresponding period of 1904-1905. Senator  
Forget, always a believer in C.P.R., was on Tuesday ap-  
pointed a director of this road, succeeding the late Mr.  
Harris of Boston. Toronto Railway, Detroit United and  
Twin City stocks, largely held by Canadians, are also  
making handsome returns. There has been a good deal of  
buying in Canadian General Electric and Dominion Coal,  
with slight advances in these issues. Bank shares have  
been somewhat neglected of late, with no important  
changes in prices. At the annual meeting of the Ontario  
Bank on Tuesday, the announcement was made that here-  
after dividends would be made quarterly instead of half-  
yearly.

This is the young man's day. Even the Toronto Stock  
Exchange recognizes this by the election  
on Tuesday of Mr. A. P. Burritt as its  
president. He succeeded Mr. R. H. Tem-  
ple, a charter member of the Exchange.  
Several other office holders of years have also given way  
to younger men. Mr. F. G. Osler, for instance, has been  
placed on the executive committee, along with Mr. E.  
Cronyn and Mr. W. Murray Alexander, while Mr. S.  
Temple Blackwood has been made an auditor. The vice-  
president is Mr. G. Tower Ferguson; secretary, J. O.  
Buchanan; and treasurer, W. H. Brouse. Mr. Lynd-  
hurst Ogden, the acting secretary, continues to supervise  
the daily business.

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President. J. Turnbull, Vice-Prest. and General Manager.

## BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - \$2,500,000  
Reserve Fund - 2,500,000  
Total Assets - 29,000,000

Savings Bank Department  
at all offices. Interest allowed on de-  
posits of one dollar and upwards at  
highest current rates, compounded  
half-yearly. Money may be with-  
drawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of  
Corporations, Firms and Individuals  
on favorable terms and shall be  
pleased to meet or correspond with  
those who contemplate making  
changes or opening new accounts.

### 85 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

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34 Yonge Street  
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Cor. College and Ossington.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

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37 King St. East.

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Small current accounts for business or professional  
men carried free of charge.  
Interest allowed in SAVINGS DEPARTMENT  
on deposits of ONE DOLLAR and upwards.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE

#### THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 2.

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per  
cent. has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of THE  
CROWN BANK OF CANADA, and that the same will be payable at  
its head office, in Toronto, and at the branches, on and after  
Tuesday, the 3rd of July next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th  
of June, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

TORONTO, 1ST JUNE, 1906.

G. DE C. O'GRADY,  
General Manager.

## IMPORTED CIGARS

For Short Outings

La Antiguiedad

Bock'y Co. (Golden Eagle)

Henry Clay

La Carolina

Manuel Garcia

La Rosina

BOXES OF 25 - \$3.00 UPWARDS

**G. W. MULLER,** 9 King Street West  
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to know that there's  
one place in Toronto  
where one can take an  
out-of-town friend for  
dinner or luncheon or  
supper — and feel  
proud of it? The

### St. Charles Dutch Grill

is that place—a grill  
room that has no  
equal for food or ser-  
vice outside of New  
York and London.

### Money From Paris.

The official announcement of the  
sale of \$50,000,000 fifteen-year 3 3/4  
per cent. bonds of the Pennsylvania  
Railway in Paris has had a reassur-  
ing effect on Wall street sentiment.  
With taxes, commissions, etc., this  
loan will cost the road about 4 5/8  
per cent. per annum. This is the first  
direct American railway loan made in  
Paris, and at this time it is considered  
a decidedly favorable factor from  
more than one point of view. Besides  
helping the monetary situation, which  
is somewhat strained at present, it  
will, by providing additional facilities,  
permit the handling of traffic to better  
advantage. All fear of gold exports  
in the near future are dispelled, and  
the product of the yellow metal in the  
Klondike and Alaska will be retained  
in America. Thus the stock of gold  
there is likely to be fully one hun-  
dred million dollars more than it was  
at the first of the year. And in this way  
it begins to look as if the problem  
for providing funds for the movement  
of the crops in August and September  
has been solved.

### Choice of Evils.

Smiley—I hope you won't mind if  
I bring a friend home to dinner to-  
night dear?

Mrs. Smiley—Oh no; that is better  
than being brought home by a friend  
after dinner.—Chicago "News."

### Civilization.

The savage with his poisoned spear  
We deem contemptible and low;  
The culture which to us is dear  
Is something that he cannot know.  
Yet while in ignorance he roams  
And o'er his bleeding victim gloats,  
We pay strong men to guard our  
home  
And halt those who would cut our  
throats.

We pity those benighted bands  
Who yield to greed an open course.  
Whose leaders slay with bloody hands  
And recognize no law but force;  
Yet while we pity we must fight  
For laws intended to restrain  
The greedy ones who deem it right  
To rob and crush us for their gain.  
S. E. Kiser.





## Traveling Bags

FOR THE

### Vacation

When you travel with a good bag it is not only personal satisfaction you have but everyone else looks and admires the bag.

The reason you should carry a Julian Sale Bag is that they look better the longer you use them.

The Lady's Bag illustrated is made from the finest natural grain leather, easy-working frame, double handles, seams at ends only, full leather lined, all colors, 16 inch size:

**\$8.50**

Catalogue S is mailed free. Express paid in Ontario.

**The Julian Sale**  
Leather Goods Co. Limited  
105 KING ST. WEST.

## Prescriptions

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Yonge and Carlton Streets.

**Coles' Limited**

**Caterers and Manufacturing Confectioners**

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**Liqueur des Peres Chartreux**

The Chartreux Fathers' Liqueur.

Manufactured at Tarragona (Spain).

**After Your Meal**

Take a glass of this delicious liqueur and you will be assured of perfect digestion.

Beware of Substitutes.

See that you get the bottle of which we give facsimile here.

**D. MASSON & CO.,**  
Sole Agents, Montreal and Toronto

**1906**

**Lingerie Waists**

**MISS FRANKLIN**

11-12 Richmond St. W.  
Phone Main 175. Toronto.

## YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING.

xi.



MR. FREDERICK WILFRID LAW.  
H.M.S. *Black Prince* with the 2nd Cruiser Squadron, under Prince Louis of Battenberg.

### Social and Personal

Mrs. Albert Ham has gone to England to visit relatives, and will have the pleasure of seeing her brother, Captain J. Knighton Chase of the Imperial pilot service on the *Hugli*, who is home in England on leave.

Miss Madge Malloch of Ottawa was a welcome guest at the Body Guard tea on Saturday with her sister, Mrs. Sanford Smith.

Two interesting dinners were given in Montreal on Monday night, one of mammoth proportions to Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Minister of Marine, in the Drill Hall, and the other by the Canada Club to bid farewell to its honorary secretary, Mr. Clarence Bogert, who comes to Toronto to reside.

Miss Estelle Holland, who has spent a month with friends in Toronto, returned to Montreal on Monday.

The Royal Military College, Kingston, will be *en fete* next Tuesday evening for the annual At Home, for which the commandant, staff and gentlemen cadets have sent out invitations this week.

Mr. Allan Magee was up from Montreal on a brief visit on Thursday.

Mrs. Selwyn did not receive yesterday as she intended, having gone out of town with Major Selwyn to Niagara.

Invitations are out to the wedding of Miss Alice Maude Williams and Mr. James McGregor Young, which takes place on Saturday next in St. Thomas' church at half-past two, with a reception afterwards at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, 161 St. George street.

Miss Beatrice Ansley of Port Dover, who was one of the bridesmaids at the McGivern-MacArthur wedding, is to spend some time with Mrs. A. McLean MacDonnell.

Mr. and the Misses Bertha and Katherine Mackenzie of Benvenuto have gone to England.

The marriage of Miss Mary Edith MacArthur and Mr. William Lorimer S. McGivern took place in St. Andrew's church at half-past two o'clock on Tuesday, in the presence of a large and smart assembly of guests. Miss MacArthur, like her sister, Mrs. J. C. Mason, was favored with one of the fine June days for her bridal, and, like the weather, the church was lovely, with a wealth of June flowers and rich green. The pastor, Rev. G. C. Brown, officiated, and the bride was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. Alexander MacArthur. She wore a handsome bridal robe of ivory Duchesse satin, with *jupe* of pleated chiffon, the bodice covered with a coat of lace, and the orthodox veil of tulle and crown of orange blossoms with a lovely shower bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley completing her costume, in which she looked all that was attractive and graceful. The bridegroom's gift, a necklace of pearls, was her only jewel. A maid of honor, Miss Louise MacArthur, sister of the bride, and four bridesmaids, Miss Helen Douglas, Miss Beatrice Ansley of Port Dover, Miss Edith Mabey and Miss Madge Davidson, were her attendants, who looked very pretty and dainty in pale blue satin gowns under silvered net, and short tulle veils held in place by wreaths of lily of the valley, and carrying feathery and fragrant bouquets of lily of the valley. Mr. W. Price Lindsay was best man, and Mr. Zeb Lash, Mr. Bob Walde, Mr. Jack Counsell and Mr. Fred McGivern, brother of the groom, were ushers. The bridesmaids wore their souvenir gifts of very handsome pearl and amethyst pins in four-leaved shamrock design, and the best man and ushers pins of whole pearls in the same auspicious form. The service was fully choral, and very beautifully rendered. Dr. Anderson playing perfectly as usual. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to Mrs. MacArthur's residence in St. George street, where a reception was held. The gifts, which were very handsome, were duly admired, and the company adjourned to the garden where, under the trees, a marquee was set for the *dejeuner*. The pastor proposed the bride's health, and Mr. McGivern made a response and proposed the bridesmaids, which evoked a response from the best man, Mr. Lindsay. It was a most bright and joyous occasion. Among guests from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Peter MacArthur of Detroit, uncle and aunt of the bride, and Miss Bella McGivern of Montreal, aunt of the groom. The bride went away in a check suit of blue and white and French sailor hat with marguerites. Mr. and Mrs.

McGivern will make their home in Ottawa. They are both so popular, and so worthy, that the good wishes which were offered had a particularly hearty tone and were prompted by the sincere regard of hosts of friends.

Mrs. Charles Godfrey of Atlanta, Ga., is spending the summer at the Queen's Royal. Mr. and Mrs. S. May and their son will spend the summer at "Oakwood," their Muskoka place.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Jones have taken a house on the lake shore for the summer.

During all the festivities attendant upon the royal marriage which she has been instrumental in bringing about, what stirring memories must have been called to the mind of the Empress Eugenie—memories of Spain, memories of France. She was born in the open air during the earthquake at Granada, of eighty years ago. Her uncle, a grandee of Spain, had battled for his country against the uncle of the Napoleon whom she was destined to marry. Her father, who was to succeed his brother in the title, had fought under Napoleon, and was, it is said, the man to fire the last shot against the Allies in 1814. So strange were the antecedents of the lady who was to become the queen of all hearts in Europe, and to inspire even Queen Victoria with a laughing respect for current fashions established by this fair Spaniard. The Empress's love-affairs began early, and were as stormy as her after-career. At fifteen she loved the Duke of Berwick and Alba, and thought her affection reciprocated until he proposed to her elder sister. Ten minutes later they were only just in time to save the life of the future Empress of the French. She had taken poison.

Sisowath, King of Cambodia, who is on a visit to France, was delayed in making his trip because he had to await the cineration of the body of his predecessor, Norodom. During the period that intervenes between death and burning all loyal Cambodians wear mourning and shave their heads. This rule applies even to the sacred dancers of the Court; they sacrificed their locks in memory of Norodom. The period having elapsed, Sisowath and his joyous ladies—fifty of the prettiest he could find in all Cambodia and Siam—are steaming towards *la belle France*. At the Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles the little ladies will dance their strange symbolic dances under the benevolent and attentive eye of the King himself. Sisowath wears European costume, and even a top-hat, on occasion, but he prefers the glory of his native dress. The color changes according to the days of the week, thus: Violet for Tuesday, deep yellow for Wednesday, green for Thursday, white for Friday, and black for Saturday. The King is an adept on horse back, but the elephant is his favorite "mount."

Sir E. M. Satow, the retiring British Minister to China, who called at Tokio on his way home, and was received with special honor by the Mikado and all his old friends there, is an extraordinarily able man. The son of a German father and an English mother, he illustrates the law that children of mixed nationalities have better brains than those who prefer to have both their parents of the same stock. It is forty-five years since he landed in Japan as a student-interpreter. At this moment no living Englishman knows more about the game little allies of Britain than he; indeed, when he was British Minister in Tokio it was suspected that they would rather have had a man who did not know quite so much! He has the utmost contempt for books on Japan; he will tell you that there is not one that gives a correct notion of the country and the people. In art he places the Chinese above the Japanese, but he is enthusiastic in praise of Japanese acting and music.

London is greatly interested in "the Mills twins," daughters of Mrs. Ogden Mills and nieces of the American ambassador. Separately, authoritatively remarks the *World*, these two girls would not attract any particular attention, but together and invariably dressed alike, from the tips of their toes to their very Parisian hats, every one stares at them and every one asks who they are. Ever since they were born, Mrs. Ogden Mills has insisted that they shall be dressed alike to the minutest detail. Each of these girls has the same set of friends, and no one ever thinks of giving a present to one without also presenting the same to the other. Their maids are also twin sisters and exceedingly alike, and they too are dressed exactly the same. Their pets are always of the same family also. For matrimonial purposes, we assume, only twins need apply.

Merely because a respectable French lady was recently arrested at night on Regent street, where she was awaiting her husband, by the police, who mistook her character, the Government has been called to account in the House of Commons, the Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, has had to explain; and a royal commission has been appointed to make inquiry into the way the Metropolitan Police of London deal with certain cases.

It is not generally known that the drawing of the bubbling spring which decorates the label of every bottle of Apollinaris is by George Du Maurier, who was famous as an artist and "Punch" cartoonist before he came into prominence as the writer of *Tilbury* and the less-read but probably more artistic novel, *Peter Ibbetson*. In England many drawings by excellent artists are used for advertising purposes, while in Canada and the United States an "artist," if he does "commercial work," does it apologetically. Many first-rate artists, however, have started work in the commercial class and kept at it until their fame was established. It may encourage the pot-boilers to know that there are many people who are of the opinion that the art displayed in the advertising pages of the magazines is quite as good as the illustrations by Mr. Christie, Mr. Hutt and the rest.

Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, who died in Washington recently, was one of the cleverest and most successful of United States politicians, being long conspicuous in the councils of the Democratic party. When he was thirteen he was appointed page of the Senate Chamber, and from that day to the present he was never out of the public eye, and since he became of age he was never without a large and influential following in the politics of his native State. Mr. Gorman was born in Howard county, Maryland, March 11, 1839, which probably accounted for his fine, well-bred, reposeful face, suggesting the English statesman of ancient lineage rather than the alert, grasping type of American politician. He came of Irish Presbyterian stock. He was educated in the public schools and received his appointment through Stephen J. Douglas of Illinois. In 1872 Mr. Gorman became president of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal Company, which connection laid the foundation of his wealth.

**LABATT'S SALE**

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

**FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS**

**FIT FOR A PRINCE**

**Codou's French Macaroni**  
**Codou's French Vermicelli**

The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it  
ALL BEST DEALERS SELL IT

Nothing Approaches in Purity and Fine Quality

**Cowan's Perfection Cocoa**  
(Maple Leaf Label)

COWAN'S MILK CHOCOLATE, CROQUETTES, WAFERS, CAKES, MEDALLIONS, Etc.

**The Cowan Co., Limited, Toronto**

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that have "style" characterizing them of individual beauty are found in our stock.

Our assortment starts at \$5.00, to the very elaborate ones at \$18.50. Bake Dish reproduced here has satin-finished body—bright finished cover—removable inner dish—removable rim—size of dish is 10 1-4 inches diameter—head border—price is ..... \$5.00

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ROYAL SHAMROCK BRITISH VIOLETS  
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KING EDWARD DRUG STORE  
ALSO—Cor. Church and Wellesley Streets.  
Cor. Avenue Road and Macpherson Avenue.

Huyler's Candies Lustrite

The Talk of the Day.

A Danish paper compares "I love you" in many languages. Here are some of them—the Danish paper is our only authority for their correctness: The Chinaman says, "Uo ngai ni"; the Armenian, "Ge sirem ez hez"; the Arabian, very shortly, "Nehabeek"; the Egyptian, similar, "Nacheb"; the Turk, "Sisi sevejorum," and the Hindoo, "Main tym ko pijar karyn." But overwhelming is the declaration of love of an Esquimaux, who tries to win the chosen one by the pleasing sound of the dainty little word: "Univigssaerntduinalerfimaungarsigujak."

The Old Trouble.

A curious thing noticed at once by visitors to Moscow is the absence of whips among the cab-drivers. There is a law prohibiting their use. There is not a single whip in use in Moscow. The excellent condition of the horses attests the benefit of this humane law. Moderation varies the world over. The whip is not in disuse in Moscow. They use it there on men and women.—New York "Tribune."

**PRINCESS CREAM**

SOFTENS  
WHITENS  
CLEANS  
REFRESHES

the complexion. A most delightful preparation. Removes tan and sunburn. Keeps the pores clear, thus preventing blackheads, etc., heals chafing, gives satiny bloom to the skin, and cleanses better than water. Price 75c.

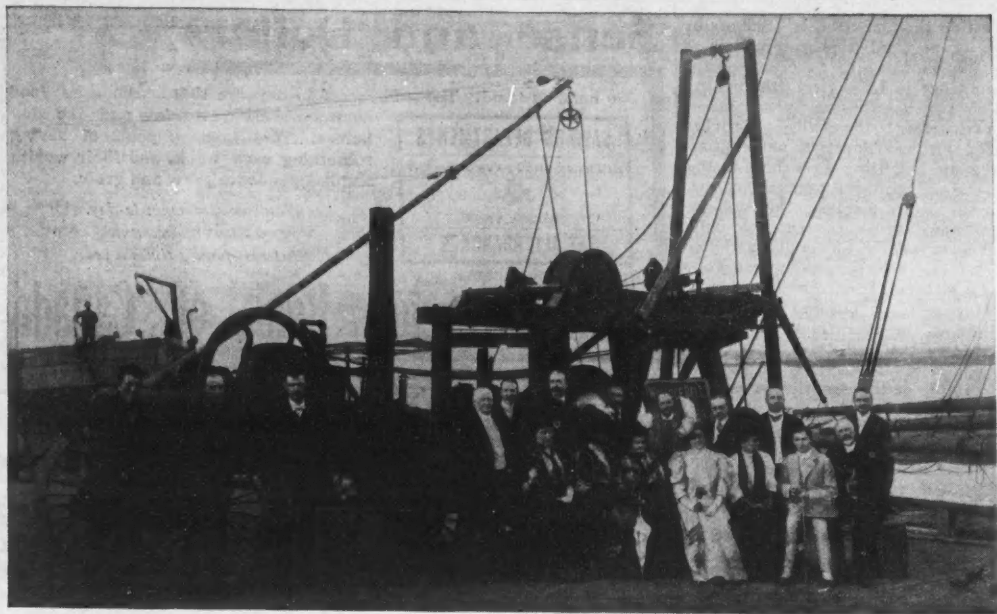
Superfuous Hair, Moles, Warts, Birthmarks, etc., removed forever by Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Consultation free at office or by letter regarding any mark or blemish on, in or under your skin or scalp.

Ever have a Face Treatment, the kind we give? Our book describes everything. Send, call or phone N. 1666 for it.

**Graham Dermatological Institute,**  
502 Church St., Toronto.





AN INTERESTING "BRIDGE PARTY"—THE COMMENCEMENT OF WORK ON THE GREAT BRIDGE TO SPAN THE ST. LAWRENCE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND LONGUEUIL.

The most interesting "bridge party" of the century took place on Tuesday afternoon in Montreal, when a company including some of the directors, the engineer, and others interested in the construction of the immense new bridge across the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Longueuil assembled to see the drill put in shape for the first bit of work to be done in this mammoth undertaking, which, when completed, as it is hoped to be in some four years' time, will do for Longueuil what Brooklyn Bridge has done for Brooklyn. The English capitalists who are interested have the satisfaction of knowing that the greatest firm of bridge builders in the world have the matter in hand, and Mr. Williamson, the engineer, is among the experts who need no praise. I have been permitted to reproduce a photo of the "bridge party" of last Tuesday, and friends will recognize Hon. Senator and Mrs. Edwards of Ottawa, who are both enthusiastic over the undertaking. Viscount Templeton, who came over with Mr. W. Grant Morden in connection with this undertaking, and his Vicountess were of the party. Lady Templeton sits next Senator Edwards, while his Lordship stands tall and handsome just behind her. After the inspection of the drill, Lord and Lady Templeton entertained the party at dinner at the Place Viger Hotel, and Lord Templeton spoke eloquently of the project which that day had made its first step to a triumphant completion, mentioning the very earnest and able work done by Mr. W. Grant Morden in interesting English capitalists, and congratulating the young man on his success. Mr. Morden is seated next but one to the end, on the right of the group photographed, and is a most progressive and dauntless man in his own chosen work. The proportions of the bridge are to be noble, and the capital involved something like fifteen millions.

## Social and Personal

Mr. J. Carlyle Moore, Varsity '02, and member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon and Delta Chi fraternities, was honored at the recent convocation of the University of Chicago with the degree of J.D. (Doctor of Law), which corresponds in the University Graduate School of Law with Ph.D. in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, in the amount and character of the work demanded. Mr. Moore is a son of Mr. John T. Moore, M.P.P., of Red Deer, Alberta, and formerly of Toronto.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Bridgland, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Bridgland, to Mr. Walter Willy of Toronto, was solemnized in St. Thomas' church at high noon Tuesday, the Rev. Rural Dean Burt officiating. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. H. B. Bridgland, wore a gown of chiffon over ivory taffeta, à la Princesse, with exquisite trimmings of lace. Her tulle veil was caught by a coronet of orange blossoms, over which was draped a Brussels net veil, worn by her mother and grandmother on their wedding days. She carried a shower of Bride roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaids, Miss Mona Bridgland and Miss Mona Willy, were gowned alike, in dresses of lavender flowered organdie, with lace trimmings, over taffeta. They wore large white picture hats, wreathed with natural lilacs, and carried bouquets of the same flower. The groom was supported by Mr. Glenholme Moss of Montreal. The ushers were Mr. Hume Brough of Toronto and Mr. Duncan McLaren of North Bay. The church was beautifully decorated with white lilacs, ferns, and palms. The organist played softly and expressively throughout the service. After the ceremony a reception was held at "West Lawn," the beautiful home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Bridgland wearing a gown of black embroidered chiffon over taffeta, and a becoming hat with white osprey. She carried a bouquet of lily of the valley. The house was decorated with lilacs, ferns, and palms, and the presents, which were numerous and handsome, were arranged in the billiard room. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey White, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. William Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Kent, Mrs. Homer Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Willy, and Miss Mona Willy, and Miss Mary Perry, all of Toronto; Mrs. Pringle of Hamilton, Miss Queen Beaton and Miss Fraser of Orillia, Mrs. John Young of Gravenhurst, Rev. and Mrs. Burt, Mr. and Mrs. William Kingsmill, Dr. and Mrs. Wales, the Misses Perry, Mr. B. W. Tillson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ewart Lount of Bracebridge, and others. Mr. and Mrs. Willy left on the 2:55 train for an extended trip down the St. Lawrence, the bride travelling in a very becoming suit of grey, with Persian and lace trimmings, and a dainty little hat of pale blue, with touches of black velvet.

Mrs. R. Thompson of 3 Russell street, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. William Keyes, is summering at Boston and the seaside.

The first social event, and practically the opening of the season for

the cottagers of Long Branch, occurred on Thursday, the 21st inst, at that popular resort. The event was a dance given by the members of "Kamp Kumfurt," and to the privileged sixty couples who took part the dance will long be remembered. The pavilion was transformed into Oriental splendor by numberless Chinese lanterns, bunting, and flags, and with the natural setting of magnificent trees, made a scene hard to equal. The floor was in perfect condition, and the music good. The programme consisted of sixteen numbers, and was splendidly carried out, allowing visitors from town to arrive home before one a.m. The members of "Kamp Kumfurt" were complimented on all sides on their splendid arrangements.

A pretty but very quiet wedding took place in Old St. Andrew's church Wednesday morning, Rev. Dr. Milligan officiating, when Miss Lillian May Walker became the wife of Mr. Robert Dunn Moorehead, barrister, of Toronto. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. D. A. Ghent, and wore a Princess gown of ivory silk crepe, with Irish point lace inserted, with yoke and sleeves of lace. Her tulle veil was arranged over a coronal of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of Bride roses and lily of the valley. She wore the groom's gift, an amethyst brooch set with pearls. The bridesmaid was Miss Muriel Wilkinson of Owen Sound, cousin of the bride, who looked very sweet and pretty, dressed in a simple frock of cream silk grenadine, with poke bonnet trimmed with wreath of roses, and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. The little flower girl, Evangeline Ellis, also a cousin of the bride, was prettily dressed in white dotted Swiss muslin, with a wreath of marguerites in her hair, and carried a basket of marguerites. The groomsmen were the groom's brother, Dr. Andrew Moorehead. The groom's gifts to the

bridesmaid and groomsmen were gold signet rings, and to the flower girl a pearl pin. After the wedding ceremony the bridal party adjourned to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis of Avenue road, uncle and aunt of the bride, where dainty refreshments were served. The house and table were very artistically decorated with palms, roses, and maidenhair ferns. After toasting the bride, amid much merriment and showers of confetti Mr. and Mrs. Moorehead left for Boston, Atlantic City, and Philadelphia. The going-away gown was of grey cloth, trimmed with white silk braid; the hat of white mohair trimmed with pale blue maline, and wings to match. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Vera Pearson, daughter of Mr. James Pearson, and Mr. Frederick B. Neeve of the Dominion Bank. The marriage will take place next month.

The marriage of Miss Moretta Allan, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Allan of Lindsay, and Mr. Mowry Bates of New York, was celebrated in St. Paul's church, Lindsay, on Tuesday, June 12, at three o'clock, Rev. Rural Dean Marsh officiating. The service was fully choral, and the church was a profusion of palms and snowballs, artistically arranged by the bride's many girl friends. The bride was given away by Mr. James Grace of Toronto, in the absence of her father in Japan, and wore an exquisite gown of Royal Japan corded silk, made in Princess style, the upper part arranged in bolero effect, embroidered in a dainty design of white violets and opening over a peep of baby Irish lace. She wore the regulation tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. Her ornaments were a large pearl-studded heart and a crown of pearls and tur-

quoise, gifts of the groom. Miss May Allan, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and wore a billowy gown of palest green chiffon, much tucked and befrilled with quantities of dainty lace; her hat was of white tulle and ostrich feathers; she carried a shower of Bridesmaid roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Winnifred Kirkland, Toronto, and Miss Roby Hughes, Lindsay, wore gowns of pale pink Liberty satin, the yoke and sleeves being a mass of white lace; their hats were of black tulle and feathers; they also carried Bridesmaid roses. Mr. Alex Bates, New York, brother of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Robert Allan, Arthur Simpson, Fred Hopkins, and Charlie Squier. A reception was held after the ceremony at the house, which was a bower of flowers, the doors and windows garlanded and festooned with lilacs and snowballs. The bay window at the end of the long drawing-room was banked with palms and ferns, and from the ceiling was suspended a huge bell of white roses, under which the bride and groom received. All afternoon the soft strains of an orchestra concealed by palms could be heard. Mrs. Allan, the bride's mother, received at the entrance of the drawing-room, wearing a lovely creation of pale grey Liberty chiffon over old rose, trimmed with pointe de Venise, and a touch of old rose; her hat was to match, and she carried an armful of American Beauties. Mrs. Bates, mother of the groom, was all in white, her gown of filmy lisse, inset with medallions of Irish crochet and trimmed with quillings of Brussels net; her hat was of tulle and white peacock's feathers. Mrs. Kirkland, Toronto, grandmother of the bride, wore black crepe de Chine, hat to match, and wore a stole of black and white ostrich feathers. Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Kirkland received with Mrs. Allan. The déjeuner was served in the spacious dining-room, and after innumerable toasts and songs, the bride rushed off to don her travelling gown of brown Rajah silk, the short coat opening over a dainty lingerie waist; her hat was an artistically twisted affair of brown mohair, tipped on one side by a mass of raspberry red ribbon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hampton and Mrs. W. S. Gentile, Montreal, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Haynes, 89 Bernard avenue.

The marriage took place in Atlantic City on Saturday evening last of Miss Gertrude A. Bell, daughter of Mrs. S. S. Shedd of Washington, D.C., to Dr. Duncan Anderson of Toronto. Owing to the illness of the bride's mother, only immediate relatives were present. Upon their return to Toronto they will reside at 241 Wellesley street.

The Rev. F. G. Plummer, rector of St. Augustine's, sailed for England on Tuesday by the steamer "Kaiser Wilhelm II.," and has rented his house for the summer, and the parish will be in charge of the Rev. Harold McCausland, No. 12 Grosvenor street. Mr. Plummer's London address will be care of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, 60 Lombard street, E. C.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Elizabeth Elma Maude, daughter of the late Mr. F. T. Walton and of Mrs. Walton, Thorold, to Dr. Frederick William Marlow, F.R.C.S., Toronto. The marriage will take place privately Tuesday, July 10. After the ceremony a reception will be held.

Miss Louise Meyers of Morrisburg is the guest of Mrs. J. P. Whitney, Wellesley street.

The marriage is announced of Mrs. Finch, widow of the late Stanbury Finch, and Mr. Arthur Blakeley, or-

## Ladies' Bathing Suits



WHEN you are furnishing your holiday wardrobe don't forget to add a Bathing Dress. We are showing such a range of very pretty, sensible styles in these garments!

On sale in Ladies' Furnishing Department, First Floor, West Side.

Bathing Dresses for ladies, fine navy blue mohair lustre, V-neck blouse, bloomers and separate skirt, sizes 32 to 42 bust measure. Special \$2.50, braid trimmed \$2.50

Bathing Dresses, same style as above, in Misses' sizes, 12, 14, 16 years, white braid trimmed. Special \$2.25

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Girls' or Boys' Bathing Suits, 1-piece blouse and bloomers combination, white braid trimmed, white collar, elastic in knees, sizes for 6, 8, 10 years. Special \$1.25

Send 'Phone Orders for Bathing Dresses to Ladies' White-wear Department.

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED

ganist of the Sherbourne street Methodist church. Mr. and Mrs. Blakeley sail immediately for Italy, visiting Germany, Switzerland, and France, returning by way of England, where Mr. Blakeley has arranged to give recitals.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Paton Hall, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Goddard Hall, Port Hope, and Mrs. Hall of 243 College street, Toronto, to Mr. W. Beverly Grant, Nelson, B.C., eldest son of Mr. W. J. Grant, Hamilton, Ont.

The engagement is announced of Miss Winnifred B. Andras, daughter of Dr. J. W. Gay Andras, Toronto, to Mr. Edward W. Bassett, accountant of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Paris.

The marriage of Captain Arthur N. Rixon of Meaford, son of the late Rev. Thomas Rixon, and Isabelle, second daughter of Mr. Thomas McCarrroll, Meaford, was solemnized at 11 a.m. on Wednesday, June 20, at Christ church, by the Rev. Thomas Brown, assisted by the Rev. Dean McCarrroll, M.D., Detroit, Mich., uncle of the bride. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Arthur McCarrroll. Miss Sheppard of Meaford acted as bridesmaid, and Mrs. N. C. Willson was matron of honor. Dr. Joseph Jorden of Meaford was groomsmen, and Mr. George Mitchell of Clarksburg, and Mr. W. C. Willson of Meaford acted as ushers. During the signing of the register Miss Emily Francis Scott of Toronto sang "O Fair, O Sweet and Holy" with great expression and feeling. After the ceremony the guests partook of a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's father, after which Mr. and Mrs. Rixon left for a trip down the St. Lawrence.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on Monday morning, June 18, at the home of the bride's mother, Withrow avenue, Riverdale, when Miss Lulu Alice West was married to Mr. William H. Robinson by the Rev. Mr. Middleton of East Toronto, in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The bride was unattended, and was given away by her cousin, Mr. McDonald of Richmond Hill. The wedding march was played by Miss Millie Robinson, sister of the groom, and, while the register was being signed, Mr. Harvey Robinson sang "O Perfect Love." After the wedding breakfast, which was served in the flower-decked dining-room, the happy couple left for a trip to Muskoka, and

## BRETTON WOODS

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Annual Tournament of the Bretton Woods Golf Club the 1st week in August.

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Send for Maps of Automobile Routes.

on their return they will reside at 7 Withrow avenue. The many and beautiful presents received showed the high esteem in which the young couple are held.

### A Confusion of Persons.

She—Won't you take me for a ride in your automobile?  
He—I'm sorry, but it's broke.  
"Oh, are you?"—Translated from "Le Rire."

### Otherwise Engaged.

"Do you know, sir, that I saw you kiss my daughter just now?"  
"Really, now, I didn't know it; I was too much interested to notice anyone else."—Translated from "Le Rire."

### Self Protection.

"Yes, my dear, while we were alone he had the impudence to kiss me."  
"I suppose you told him what you thought of him."  
"Indeed I did, every time he did it."—Translated from "Le Rire."

### Overheard in a Pullman.

"Oh, George, wouldn't it be lovely to make people think we are already married!"  
"All right; when we get out you carry the bag and umbrellas."—Translated from "Le Rire."

"Do you believe a man can love more than one?"  
"I know it. Why, between Friday night and Monday morning I have loved a whole summer resort."—Translated from "Le Rire."



Ethel—So Gladys is to marry Lord Deadbroke. Are they affinities?  
Edith—Oh, yes; her assets and his liabilities are the same figure!—Judge.



# Athletics

It is surprising how little is known of the origin of many of our best-known games of skill. We are able, with some degree of certainty to trace their development from crude outlines to highly specialized forms, but in very few cases do we know the exact date or manner of their genesis. This is true even of sports which are of modern origin. The origin of the game of baseball, which is not more than fifty years old, is as prolific of controversy as the recently discovered remains (so-called) of Paul Jones. The origin of the Canadian national game, lacrosse, is a mystery like the song the Sirens sang. We know vaguely that it was taught us by the Indians, but we do not know when it was invented or how it acquired its distinctive features. We can speculate that the shape of a lacrosse stick is just the shape, in a crude way, that a supple willow or hazel wand would assume when the ends were joined, but we cannot tell what prompted the joining, or whether the lacrosse-stick was invented for the purposes of a game or is merely the survival of a primitive form of sling.

There is even more mystery about games which are of more ancient origin. We are told that the idle fancy of a mediaeval Scotch shepherd in striking smooth, round pebbles with his crook gave rise to the game of golf. This is so plausible an explanation that it has become an article of faith with many golfers, but it has no trustworthy historical backing. As it stands it is nothing more than a pleasing fiction. Could it not have been some peaceful Italian prelate of the time of the great Pope Gregory, to whom the idea of golf came like an inspiration as he struck his crozier on the gravel walk of some monastery cloister, and who, vent later as a missionary to Albion, introduced the game among the heather braes? Yet if the credit of invention must be given to shepherds and the pastoral crook, why to Scotch shepherds? Why not to some Hebrew shepherd by the banks of Jordan, or to one of those wonderful Sicilian shepherds of Theocritus, or, better still, to those Aryan shepherds who roamed the table-land of Asia before the dawn of history? Were the game of exclusively Scotch origin, why is there no mention of those dread fiends, "bogies" and "stymies," in the incantations of the weird sisters three who met with Macbeth? The fact is that we do not know the origin of golf, and are content to accept fairy tales in lieu of truth.

As to the game of football, we have not even a fairy tale for a starting point. It is true that ancient chroniclers tell us that it incurred the displeasure of warlike Edward III., and was prohibited by statute, but they leave us in the dark as to its origin and how it degenerated into a miniature street riot. It may have been a survival of the once highly popular and respectable sport of Jew-baiting. The lusty yeomanry of England, when denied their innocent pastime of hunting unfortunate Hebrews through all the streets and alleys of their squalid towns (for the simple reason that there were no Jews left to chase), may have substituted a football for their human quarry. Some harshly-treated villains may have been in the habit of kicking their segment in effigy (of course in his absence) around the seigniorial castle, and on his return invented a story about a game of ball with a stuffed leathern jerkin. These conjectures may or may not explain the game of football, but highly improbable as they are, there is no more certain hypothesis to take their place.

The fact is that the Muse of History, though recording dynastic changes and the evolution of constitutions and theologies, deigns not to trace the evolution of sports. It can tell us what William the Conqueror

said at the battle of Hastings, but cannot give us the name of the champion football team of the day. It can tell us how far Robin Hood could draw his bow, but not how far the lusty apprentice lads could kick the football. All our information about sports is gleaned from a few scattered literary references which tantalize us with their brevity. We know that good Queen Bess and her lords and ladies played at bowls, but we do not know what kind of balls they used or what were the rules of the game. Tennis and billiards, we know, were early played at the French Court, but their origin is lost in deepest shadow, although History might well have spared us lengthy memoirs of Court intrigues in order to give details of these sports. It is only in the "Arabian Nights" that monarchs give undying fame to those of their subjects who invent new pastimes and amusements. The geniuses to whom we owe football,

the outside clubs surely calls for a discontinuance of the epithet, Hometown. The Toronto gentleman whose name stands second on the list was eight holes down last Saturday to Brady of Simcoe. But Mr. Brady's name does not appear as yet to have penetrated to headquarters.

There is every reason to believe that Mr. Brady of Simcoe is a strong player, quite strong enough to deserve a place in the inter-Provincial match. However, more men deserve places than can get them. People will readily agree perhaps on the names of six men best entitled to represent Ontario in a golf match, but all kinds of disputes would arise over choosing a second six men. At least twenty names could be put forward, each man earnestly championed by those who know his play. Between many players of a class there is little to choose, and nothing but a tournament will give the best man his due. Even the winning of a tourna-

## THREE GOLF CHAMPIONS



MR. G. S. LYON, Amateur Champion of Canada. MISS MAEL THOMSON, St. John's Lady Champion of Canada. MISS FLORENCE HARVEY, of Hamilton, Ex-champion of Canada and winner of the tournament.

ment proves no more than that the winner was best man of the occasion, or as Barrett says, "Had a bit of luck." There are several good players in the Province—and I would specially mention Mr. Brady of Simcoe—who should attend the championship meet at Ottawa, and establish a foothold in fast company. They should also take in the tournament week at the Lambton Golf and Country Club in August.

It is easier to account for games of skill in general than for particular sports. One amazing point of similarity in most of them is that they are played with bat and ball. There is something uncanny in this. Golf and tennis employ practically the same implements; dare one admit that in origin they are identical? Yes, if we retrace our footsteps along the highway of history until it becomes a mere footpath in the primeval forest. All games are mimic warfare, and the earliest warfare we know of was that waged by primeval man with wooden club against the cranium of his neighbor. The branch rough-hewn from the forest, and the human skull, these are the prototypes of tennis racquets and tennis balls. In the dull thud of their first contact were struck the first notes of what was afterwards to be the soaring melody of the golf ball and the sonorous rhythm of the cricket bat. That was the sound of which the scream of the baseball and the pit-pat of the tennis ball are nothing but subdued echoes, softened and mellowed by aeons of time. The loud roar that fills our grand stands recalls the savage shouts of prehistoric conflicts. In short, our athletic sports, like all civilized institutions, are evolutions from barbarism, and athletics will be in honor as long as our blood is tainted with the natural man's admiration of physical strength and dexterity.

Discussing the golf team to represent Ontario in the inter-Provincial match at Ottawa, the Simcoe "Reformer" says: "Some Toronto people yesterday published in a Toronto paper a list of golfers from whom the Ontario team is to be chosen for the inter-Provincial match with Quebec. It must have been an off day with the Toronto gentlemen, for they put no less than four names of golfers from outside Toronto in a list of fifteen names. Such generous treatment of

golf, cricket, and tennis have descended to oblivion, unhonored and unused. It is useless to seek for their biographies or the date of their inventions.

The University of Pennsylvania cricketers, who visited this city last week, proved themselves very able exponents of the game. Coming as a college team, and an American college team at that, anyone who had not seen them might be inclined to suspect them of a certain degree of amateurishness, but could not possibly entertain the suspicion when reflecting that they came from Philadelphia, the home of American cricket. The Philadelphians are not accustomed to send teams on tours without some warrant. They are thorough sportsmen, but they prefer victory to defeat, and never make their cricket tours mere pleasure jaunts. When a team is sent abroad under the title and sanction of the associated cricket clubs of Philadelphia, there is little fear that it is courting disaster. So it was with the Pennsylvania students, who are all members of Philadelphia clubs. Out of the four games they played they won two by substantial margins; and, of the two they lost, one, with Mimico Asylum, was lost by three runs. They were strong in all departments of the game except wicket-keeping. Their batting was particularly strong, and showed plenty of style, combined with vigor. Their bowling was both varied and accurate, and, on the whole, the team made a very creditable showing, when it is considered that all the players are young fellows, actually undergraduates at the University of Pennsylvania. One of them, Mr. L. Lee, had the honor of scoring the first century (125 not out) in Toronto this season. It is quite a feather in the cap of the University of Toronto cricket team that they succeeded in

defeating the Quaker City students by forty runs, and this intercollegiate triumph should give to cricket more prominence in University athletics.

This trip has fully awakened Canadian cricketers to the quality of cricket played in the American universities. The game is getting a foothold in the schools and colleges across the line, and the more success the college teams gain the more favorable will be the attitude of university authorities and the athletic public that worships a victor. It is to be hoped that the University of Toronto will find it possible in the near future to return the visit of the Pennsylvania cricketers, but it would be wise to follow the example of the Americans, and to send a team only when there is some warrant for the expedition.

At least two Canadian golf professionals will compete in the open championship of the United States at Chicago. Barrett of the Lambton Golf and Country Club, and Cumming of the Toronto Golf Club, have gone to Chicago, and it would not surprise local golfers if one of the men should carry off the honor.

Members of the Lambton Club will be interested in the engagement of Arthur Russell, Barrett's popular assistant, by the management of the Royal Muskoka. The pretty golf-course at the Royal is a unique attraction, and under Russell's supervision will doubtless become more popular than ever. Numerous tournaments are being planned for the summer. It is never too hot to play golf in Muskoka.

Miss Florence Harvey won the local golf tournament for ladies at Hamilton after a remarkable game with Miss Dick of Toronto. These two excellent players met in the finals, and were all square at the end of eighteen holes. They halved the nineteenth, and Miss Dick lost on the twentieth by missing a tiny little putt. It's the luck of the game. The annual ladies' tournament at Hamilton has come to be one of the most important golf events of the Canadian year.

## THE BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

**S**PEAKING of Mr. James Robb, who won the amateur golf championship at Hoylake this year, "Golf Illustrated" says: "When a golfer has twice been in the final, and has twice been beaten, he has some reason to doubt whether he is a lucky player, and whether with increasing entries and a general levelling up of play he will even then be champion. But Mr. Robb has discovered the virtue of the old adage that the third time pays for all. At the same time, he gave the lie for once, at all events, to the general understanding that he was not big hearted enough to win a championship, and that he could not play a losing game against a great adversary. There was only once in the tournament when nerves seriously afflicted him, and that was not because of the fear of being beaten. On the other hand, he played a magnificent game when he had the biggest job on hand, and when it looked as if when a very few more holes had been played he would be among the defeated. This was in his match against Mr. John Graham, when he was seen at his best, and when he pulled himself through a severe crisis in the most courageous fashion. For that victory alone, and the way in which it was achieved, Mr. Robb deserved to become the champion of the year.

Mr. John Graham, Jr., seems doomed to perpetual disappointment in his endeavors to win the championship. This year, if any, his chances of at length graduating for the honor were looked upon as most favorable, the fact that he was playing over his own course being reckoned a considerable factor in his favor. Analyzing the games Mr. Graham has played in the championships within the past few years, one can hardly help feeling that the fates are unkind to him. He seems always to have the unfortunate knack of running up against someone playing momentarily at the very top of their game, and down he has gone. Two years ago at Sandwich, the finest game Mr. Maxwell played was against Mr. Graham, the latter having little chance against the brilliance of the Tantalion crack, who in all his other matches quite failed to touch such a high standard. Then, again, at Prestwick last year, his luck took another turn. Here he was beaten by Mr. Barry, after a desperately keen match in the semi-final by a single hole. Going to the fifteenth with the match all square, Mr. Graham's drive—a perfectly straight one—kicked into the

## Sense and Dollars

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\$1.00 opens an account.  
Interest paid 4 times a year.

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THE BANK THAT PAYS INTEREST  
**4**  
TIMES A YEAR  
**AT ALL BRANCHES**

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Put your money in a place where you can get it when you want it.

Main Office ..... 28 King Street West.  
Market Branch ..... 168 King Street East.

deep bunker on the right; and this misfortune practically cost him the game. This year again the champion reserved his very best form for meeting Mr. Robb. The match between Mr. Robb and Mr. Graham is generally considered to have produced the finest display witnessed at the meeting. Mr. Robb's superb round worked out at seventy-six, and although Mr. Graham's figures equalled this, he had to retire beaten. By the way I notice Mr. Graham has a penchant for holding-out off his maschie in the championship. A year ago he held the "Cardinal" from eighty yards off in his match with Mr. Barry, and this year in one of his games he repeated the stroke at Hoylake.

**A GOLFING STORY.**  
A couple of "swells" were playing on a northern golfing links. They had two overgrown ragged caddies, out at the elbow and boots. They were playing behind a well-known old minister, noted for his caustic wit, and his friend. They had no caddies, and on the route there was a slight lost ball delay. Up came to the next tee the two swells, one of whom suggested that they should be allowed to go first, as they had caddies. There was a rule, he explained, that players who had caddies might claim this privilege. The old minister eyed him up and down, and then glanced at the caddies, and in his best Doric said, "Oh, ye hiv' caddies, hiv' ye? My frien' I thought you were playing a foursome."

**In One Particular.**  
"Ah you people in this part of the country interested in the spelling reform?" asked the New England college professor.  
"Sort o'," answered the wild Westerner. "We believe you people ought to use the letter 'r' a little more than you do."—Chicago "Tribune."

**First Claim.**  
Office Boy—Please, sir, me grand-mudder died.  
Boss—So did mine, and I am going to the game.—New York "Sun."

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**R. PARKER & CO.,**  
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.  
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### Jaeger Pure Wool

When the natural perspiration of the body is absorbed and retained by the underwear, you not only run the risk of taking a chill, but you surround your body with a close oppressive atmosphere. The porous nature of JAEGER UNDERWEAR makes it the coolest, safest and most comfortable wear for the hot weather.

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**"Aertex" Cellular Underwear . . .**  
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**WREYFORD & CO.**  
DOMINION AGENTS  
Wholesale and Retail  
85 KING STREET WEST

### The Gilbey Catacombs

Here is pictured one of the many vaults of W. & A. Gilbey, containing 8,000 Butts of wine. It conveys some idea of the justness of their claim—the largest Wine and Spirit Merchants in the world. The Port Wine Vault is a quarter of a mile long and contains as high as 7,000 to 10,000 Pipes.

Consumers—especially invalids—should be particularly on their guard against the cheap and inferior Spanish Red Wines which are largely sold as "Port." Their protection is a guarantee on the label that the Wine is strictly the "Product of Portugal." Without a peer as an After-dinner or Medicinal Wine is

**W. & A. GILBEY'S**

## "Invalid" Port

Light in body and elegant in bouquet  
Matured from the best growths of the Alto-Douro, where the Port Grape attains its highest culture.

This wine is so named because highly recommended by Sir Charles A. Cameron, President of the Royal College of Surgeons as a "genuine Port Wine of good quality, unequalled for general consumption and excellent for the use of invalids."

Absolutely guaranteed as labelled—A trial convinces.

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T. K. Haffey, 216 Wilton Ave.  
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C. H. Forbes, 1446 Queen West.  
Est. Frank Davies, 115 Elm.  
T. H. George, 709 Yonge.  
For sale in LONDON by E. B. Smith, Wine and Spirit Merchant.  
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FRASER, VIGOR & CO., Montreal.



MISS DICK OF TORONTO  
Runner-up in the Hamilton Golf Tournament.



## COOKS OF A KIND BY HANNAH BURTON

An authentic story of the adventures of a lady of California in search of a cook.

I was a new experience for me when I went to Chinatown in search of a cook. The interior of the shop was dark and smelly, and my heart sank at the improbability of finding what I sought—a clean, capable cook—in such a dismal, dirty place.

When I made known my errand the Chinese merchant said, with a most impassive face:

"How much money you pay?"

I replied: "For a good boy I will pay six dollars one week."

"All right," he answered; "I got one good boy; I send him to you tomorrow morning."

He kept his word, and I must admit that in all my later experience I never met with a Chinaman who did not keep his word. I was greatly disappointed, however, with the appearance of the "boy," as he was little and lame, and apparently sixty at least. When I asked him if he could cook he said:

"I cook all right."

"Can you make good bread?" I queried.

"I make bread; I make everything," he answered.

So, after giving him a few directions, I left him, hoping that in this case, appearances might prove deceitful, and that he might be fairly competent after all.

I found that, though he was a good cook, he was also very careless and untidy, and had a disagreeable habit of slapping and banging things about, as if he were in a rage with somebody or something. On the last day but one of his first week he said to me:

"I go work another place; I get more money."

"But, Song," I said, "you cannot leave me until I get another cook."

"Oh! I get you another boy, sure," he said; "you treat me all right; I treat you all right. I bring you a boy to-morrow."

The next morning he appeared, accompanied by a tall, broad-shouldered, strapping fellow, who certainly looked able to take the whole burden of the house on his shoulders. Song introduced him, saying: "He Jim; he good cook; he cook for you."

Jim looked smarter and more amiable than poor Song, who I afterwards learned had the opium habit, and I felt that I had made a good exchange. I told Jim that I wished him to take care of the front hall and the front porch and sweep them every morning.

"I can't take a broom and sweep," he said, with such an air of simple helplessness as seemed absurd upon six feet of humanity and broad in proportion. However, I waived that point, as having guests it was not

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convenient to be left without help in the kitchen just then.

Jim proved to be an excellent cook, and the meals were punctually served, but he seemed to spend most of his time on the kitchen porch, smoking, and left the kitchen untidy and dirty.

One day, wishing to have a beefsteak pie, I began to give him a few directions as to how I best liked it made, when, to my surprise, he assumed an ugly scowl, and said:

"You make me mad; you talk too much!"

I did not wish to appear frightened, so I said:

"It is not much good to get mad."

With that he laughed and said: "You make my head ache; you talk too much. I first-class cook; that's all."

Meaning to say that he knew more about making a beefsteak pie than I could teach him.

When his first week was about to expire, he said:

"I go work another place; get more money; I work hotel; I bring you another boy."

It seems that he was really a hotel cook, and came to me only to fill up his spare time. There was nothing for it but to submit with a good grace. But when he came the next morning, bringing an unwashed, wretched-looking creature, evidently an opium-smoker, I felt that the limit had been reached. So I said, after giving the boy just one glance:

"Never mind, Jim; I get a cook myself."

He seemed disappointed, and said: "He cook all right; you take him; I not like leave you all alone."

But I replied: "No matter; I get my own cook."

It is rather disconcerting to have a revolution in one's kitchen every Tuesday, so I determined to seek another source of supply. I went, therefore, to a handsome curio-shop in one of the best streets, which I knew was kept by a "Mission" Chinaman.

When I made known my errand, the proprietor, who was a Chinese gentleman, said:

"Good boys are very scarce just now. I know of only one; he is my longtime friend, but he is a little—not very young—and he lives in Chinatown."

I surmised that if he lived in Chinatown he was not a "Mission" Chinaman, which proved to be the case.

On the following morning came Ty, and entered upon his duties. Poor Ty was certainly a little—not very young. He was also enormously fat; he shuffled about in a slow and painful manner, as if suffering from tender feet. But his cooking was perfection. Such deliciously prepared meats and vegetables; such a variety of soups, perfectly seasoned! We congratulated ourselves that we were at last in clover. Soon, however, Petra, my housemaid, came to me with complaints of Ty's violent temper. She said he used very bad language to her; she was afraid of him; he might kill her when he was in one of his tantrums. I spoke to Ty about it; he laughed and said:

"Oh, I get mad (angry); I say a bad say, then I not mad no more. That is lots better. Some boy get mad, say no word; mad all the time."

I advised him to say his bad say to himself, and not to trouble Petra, who was a good, faithful Spanish girl. Shortly afterwards I happened to go into the kitchen one evening as Ty was preparing dinner. He was broiling chickens, and I noticed that the fire was very low, and not at all suitable for broiling, so I said:

"Ty, you cannot broil on such a fire."

To my utter astonishment he shuffled towards me, with his huge bulk, his face distorted by rage, and threatening me with his uplifted fist, shouted:

"You get out of here!"

I confess I felt a little inward tremor, he looked so perfectly wicked; but I managed to appear outwardly calm, and finishing what I was about to do, I quietly withdrew.

That night the dinner was a failure. The chickens were burnt and raw. But still I said never a word until the next morning, when I summoned Ty into the dining-room. He came quietly enough, evidently being "not mad no more." I said to him:

"Ty, I shall not need you after eleven o'clock this morning. You can go!"

A Chinaman makes a point of leaving at the exact hour of his entering upon a place. He was evidently somewhat taken aback, but only said: "All right!" and left at the hour mentioned.

I am afraid Ty hated me ever after. I found later that Chinese cooks discuss the characters of all the mistresses in town, doubtless a very natural thing to do, and a boy I employed later told me:

"Ty say this place no good. I tell him, perhaps not good for you, good for me; perhaps good for me, not good for you."

I thought that was rather a wise conclusion to arrive at.

Once more I went to Mr. Jein. I told him that while Ty was certainly all that could be desired as a cook

he was spoiled by his ungovernable temper. Of course I did not blame Mr. Jein at all, as he simply sent me the only one he knew of at the time. He now told me that his young brother was about to leave his present place, and he would try to send him to me. I knew that if I could secure him I should be extremely fortunate, as I had heard him highly spoken of.

In a few days Sue came to me. And now began a period of peace and solid comfort in my household.

Sue was young, having barely reached his twenties. In figure he was slight, but lithe and agile. He had a refined and intelligent face, and was scrupulously neat and clean in his appearance. His white jacket, white apron, and white socks were always snowy in hue. He was, in fact, a true gentleman. In his kitchen and in all his work he showed the same extreme neatness.

Sue was a "Mission boy." He attended a night school, and studied spelling and practised writing assiduously in his spare moments. One day he said to me:

"One young lady at the Mission Sunday school sing very beautiful; she sing very tall."

At another time he said:

"English language very funny language. You say, story—upstairs, story—Bible story, and story—a lie. Very funny."

Sue was an enthusiastic cook. To him every cake, every pie, was a work of art, to be made as beautiful as possible. If a thing happened accidentally to be ever so little short of perfection he would be quite distressed.

"Oh, Mees Burton," he would say; "I misspelled this pie; the top story is too much brown; I am heap sorry."

Sue took great pride in decorating cakes. On one occasion he locked himself in the kitchen for a whole afternoon. We discovered later that he was making a cake for my daughter's birthday. He was very busy and mysterious. On the birthday the cake came on the table as a dessert, and Sue enjoyed amazingly the exclamations of admiration with which we greeted it. The decorations were in pink, white, and yellow sugar. On the top was a landscape, in the style of the old willow-pattern plate. Around the border and around the sides was a minute and delicate pattern, like fine lacework done in sugar. It was too pretty to cut.

Sue received our praises in a deprecatory manner, though he was secretly immensely proud.

"Oh, Mees Burton; I make it not very much nice. Is it oggly; I misspelled it, sure!"

"What kind of cake is it, Sue?" I inquired.

"It is angel-cake. I make angel-cake because Miss Burton is all same angel."

Sue's service was whole-hearted. My interests were entirely his, and so housekeeping cares sat lightly upon me during Sue's three years' stay in my household.

Poor Sue! He went to China for a visit, and died there a short time afterwards from "a very bad sickness in his head," his friend told me—"Grand Magazine" for July.

## Gladstone and Morley.

Mr. John Morley, in his biography of Gladstone, has told us that he never discussed religious topics with his great leader. There was, however, according to an eminent authority, one occasion upon which the subject was almost entered upon, certainly approached. Mr. Morley was staying at Hawarden, and going into "the temple of peace" one day he found Mr. Gladstone lying upon the sofa with his own "Diderot" in his hand. Mr. Morley experienced for a moment a kind of shock. It was years since the book was written, he had forgotten all that was in it; but he remembered enough to think that the book was absolute negation. Mr. Gladstone lowered the book to his lap, looked over his spectacles, and said: "Are you still a Determinist as you were when you wrote this book?"

Mr. Morley paused for a moment, and then, standing very upright, with his head carried high, as is his habit, "Yes," he answered, "I am. Mr. Gladstone's only answer was one of his well-known, deep-chested 'Humphs,' which was neither sigh nor anger, but a conclusion of the whole matter. And 'religion' was never touched upon again!—Liverpool 'Post-Mercury'."

## At Anchor.

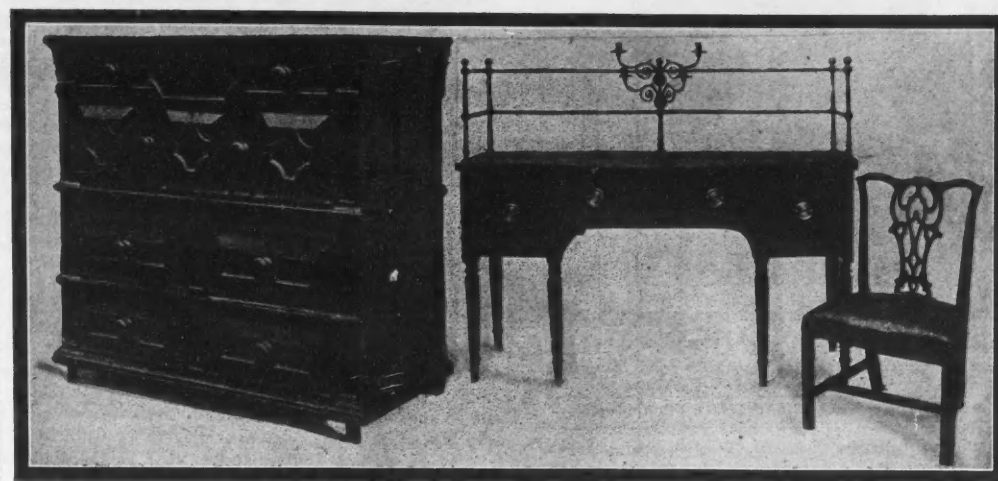
A chief of bureau in the United States Navy Department tells a good story of the time when one of the Secretaries of the Navy got the notion into his head that officers should not permit their wives to reside at the foreign stations to which their husbands might be attached. So an order to that effect was promulgated. Soon thereafter considerable perplexity and no little amusement was afforded the Secretary when he received the following cablegram from Commodore Fyffe, then in command of the Asiatic Squadron:

"Secretary Navy, Washington. It becomes my painful duty to report that my wife, Eliza Fyffe, has, in disobedience to my orders, and in the face of regulations of department, taken up her residence on the station, and persistently refuses to leave."

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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### "Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

Readers and subscribers of *Saturday Night* leaving Toronto for the summer months may have their favorite weekly paper mailed direct from the office of publication to their summer home for any period. Our special offer is 25 cents for six weeks. Orders for new subscriptions and change of address should be sent to the *Saturday Night* Office, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

### Points About People.

Old-time Liberals still like to recall the way in which Sir John Macdonald once quoted Scripture to Hon. Alexander Mackenzie to his own discomfort. Mr. Mackenzie had brought up an inconvenient subject, and Sir John sought to close off the discussion. "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" he asked, forgetting that he was using the words of Ahab the wicked king. But Alexander Mackenzie was well up in his Bible and promptly replied in the words of Elijah: "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and have followed Baalim."

Mr. John E. Hodgson, who has resigned his position as High School Inspector, enjoyed a considerable popularity with the teaching profession throughout Ontario, and his retirement will be generally regretted. The appointment of Mr. H. B. Spotton of Toronto to succeed Mr. Hodgson will probably be considered an excellent one by every teacher not himself an aspirant for the post, and his appointment was so quickly made that few aspirants had time to declare themselves. Mr. Spotton has been principal of the Harbord Street Collegiate Institute in Toronto for several years, and his prominence in the Ontario Educational Association is proof of his standing in his profession.

In his *Osgoode Hall Reminiscences*, Mr. J. C. Hamilton tells many interesting stories of Hugh Nelson Gwynne, for many years secretary of the Law Society, and one of its examiners. On one occasion Mr. Gwynne visited D—ville and, walking up with an inhabitant from the boat, told the following incident: "This is D—ville. Mr. Brown lives here. He came up to see me once at Osgoode Hall on the subject of a little Horace and Euclid, you know (examination). Nice man, Mr. Brown, very nice man. Mr. Brown gave an oyster supper the night before. Nice man, Mr. Brown. Oyster supper and champagne. Asked me to the supper. Nice man, Mr. Brown. Went to the supper; oysters were good and champagne was good. I ate the oysters and drank his champagne. Very nice man, Mr. Brown."

We have heard a great deal about "tied houses" in this city—hotels controlled by brewers or distillers. Now we are hearing even more interesting stories of "closed houses" all over Ontario. Editor Livingstone of the *Grimby Independent* tells one. There was lately a lot of cross-firing in the newspapers and among politicians in Welland county over the granting of a license to a man named Upper at Allanburg. Mr. Fraser, member of the Legislature for Welland, stated that Upper lost his license twenty-three years ago because of his political faith, although he had and still has, the fifth largest hotel in his county. Without a license he continued to keep his house open all these years in the hope that eventually he would get it back again. Lately his patience was rewarded. In Beamsville, part of Editor Livingstone's stamping ground, they have local option, and he says: "As I was passing a 'locked-up hotel' in Beamsville re-

cently, I said to a man, 'In the name of goodness, what will be the outcome of those "locked-up" hotels?' 'Oh, he replied, 'they will wait three years. The by-law will be repealed, and they will get their licenses again.' I laughed at the idea of hotelkeepers waiting for three years to get a license, but after reading of Mr. Upper of Allanburg waiting for twenty-three years I didn't laugh any more."

A postmaster-general or some one in his office in Ottawa once wrote to the postmaster of some little station on the Kettle river: "You will please inform this department how far the Kettle river runs up;" to which the postmaster answered: "I have the honor to inform the department that the Kettle river don't run up at all; it runs down." In due course of mail came another communication: "On receipt of this letter your appointment as postmaster will cease. Mr. — has been appointed your successor." To which went the following reply: "The receipts of this office during the last year have been \$4.37, and the office rent more than double that sum; please to kindly instruct my successor to pay me the balance, and oblige."

Most of the men who are "doing things" in our great West went there as brisk young fellows from Ontario. It is a point worth noting, too, that a large proportion of them were enthusiastic sportsmen as boys. Hon. Charles W. Cross, Attorney-General of Alberta, is a good example. It seems but yesterday, and in point of fact it is only a few years, since "Charlie" Cross was one of the best and most popular lacrosse players in Ontario. He learned to play at Madoc, and in that neighborhood he was the hero of the small boy and the "big Injun" in the game. While attending the University of Toronto he played on the "Varsity" team, and as its captain became widely known throughout the Province and also in the States, where the college twelve toured yearly.

An interesting Canadian woman is Mrs. F. H. Paget, who is now on her way from Ottawa on a mission to the Cree Indians in the Far North. She will gather data regarding the folk-lore and traditions of this nation or tribe, and her memoranda will be preserved in the archives of the Indian department. This mission is undertaken largely at the instigation of Earl Grey, who is greatly interested in the Crees. The *Regina West*, speaking of Mrs. Paget, says: Mrs. Paget is eminently qualified to undertake this important work, as she speaks Cree fluently and lived for years among the natives. Mrs. Paget is a daughter of W. J. McLean, who was Hudson's Bay factor at Fort Pitt during the Frog Lake massacre in the 1885 rebellion. He and his family were taken prisoners by Big Bear's Indians, and it was only through the awe in which the rebels stood of the company that the McLeans did not share the same fate as the other victims. Mr. McLean is now a retired Hudson's Bay servant at Winnipeg. The town of McLean east of Regina was named after him when he was chief factor at Fort Qu'Appelle. Miss McLean (now Mrs. Paget) was employed in the Indian department at Winnipeg before her marriage to F. H. Paget, chief clerk of the department at Regina, where they lived for some time.

A congress has been sitting in Paris during the week to consider the question of quacks. The French capital abounds in them. Some of the unlicensed researchers, such as Pasteur and Metchnikoff (neither of whom is to be numbered amongst the doctors), have done marvelous work for science, says the *London Sketch*, whilst others are the merest charlatans. The competition is so terrible for the recognized healers that the most qualified is very likely to starve whilst the herbalist and the curer by suggestion make a large fortune. One doctor in the quarter of Grenelle was so struck with this disagreeable fact that he put his diploma in his pocket and resolved to practise as a "natural healer." A complaint was made against him by the medical profession, and he was haled before the Bench. "I am a doctor—here is my certificate," he said to the magistrate; "but, above all, do not tell anybody, otherwise my practice would be ruined."

In Rudyard Kipling's response to the toast of "Literature" at the anniversary banquet of the Royal Academy in London, which was published in *SATURDAY NIGHT*, and which has come in for world-wide comment, he said, it will be remembered: "If a tinker in Bedford gaol, if a pamphleteering shopkeeper, pilloried in London, if a muzzy Scotsman, if a despised German Jew, or a condemned French thief, or an English Admiralty official with a taste for letters can be miraculously afflicted with the magic of the necessary words, why not any man at any time?" Who are the literary workers thus referred to? The *New York Evening Post* says: "The best guesses are that the 'muzzy Scotsman' is either Boswell or Burns; the 'despised German Jew,' Heine; the 'condemned French thief,' Villon; and the 'English Admiralty official,' Pepys."

Jack London, the American novelist, famous for his studies of the primeval in man and beast, is having a yacht built for him at Oakland, California, and is to go for a seven years' cruise round the world, gathering material for new stories. He was married recently, after having been divorced from his first wife, and Mrs. London will accompany him, together with a Boston student, who will act as secretary and one of the crew, and a Japanese cook. Mr. London is humorist as well as realist; on his home in San Francisco was a sign reading: "No admission except on business. No business transacted here," and on the back door was the notice: "Please do not enter without knocking. Please do not knock."

The population of Canada is equal to about seven per cent. of the inhabitants of the United States. If this country received as many immigrants in proportion to its population as Canada, it would have to dispose of about 1,750,000 this year, which is far beyond the possibilities. But population is not the best gauge of the need of immigration. Area often counts more, and Canada has plenty of room. The rapid growth of the Dominion is natural, sound, and likely to continue for many years.—*Cleveland Leader*.

It is as little known as it should be interesting to learn that the Pope does not speak Italian proper, even though Italian born. The Pope's sisters, too, who are conversant with Venetian only, have frequent difficulties in making themselves understood in Rome. A story goes that recently a number of French bishops had audience with the Pope but could not understand what he was saying to them. Some suggested that he was speaking in Latin, others in bad French, but not one of them even guessed it was Italian with a strong Venetian accent.

# DUELS FOUGHT IN TORONTO

## Fatal Duels In The Early Days.

MANY people will be surprised to learn that duelling was not unusual in Upper Canada during the early part of the last century. The custom of the duel as a satisfaction for wounded honor has fallen so completely into disuse except amongst hair-brained German students and excitable Parisian journalists and politicians that it seems scarcely possible that it existed seventy years ago amongst the settlers of Upper Canada. The formal *affaire d'honneur*, one of the last survivals of feudalism, seems the height of incongruity in a backwoods province where weather-beaten pioneers swung the axe into a virgin forest. Nevertheless, it was a not uncommon method of settling disputes among gentlemen in early Canada. At the time, it had the sanction of society throughout all Europe and the United States. Pitt, Fox, the Duke of Wellington, Canning and other notables had all faced their man. A president of the United States was a famous duellist. When a scrupulous regard for the punctilios of artificial courtesy everywhere prevailed, the existence of the duel does not attribute any particular medievalism to early Canadians.

There are not very many duels recorded in the writings that bear upon the settlement of Upper Canada, but there are plenty of quarrels, acrimonious verbal warfare and contemptuous epithets. Passion runs high in a struggling colony where men are brought into close personal contact in politics, commerce, and other branches of social intercourse. It was so in the French settlements, in New England and Virginia, as well as in Upper Canada. The democratic institutions of new countries often yield a stern warfare of clashing private interests and a rich harvest of feuds and animosities. Accordingly, it is surprising that there are not more duels chronicled in the memoirs of Upper Canada. Probably those which have become a matter of history were memorable because of the prominence of the principals or the mortal issue of the combat. A thorough search of old manuscripts and memoirs would no doubt give details of many other duels. It is a safe rule in historical work that the sum of what is recorded is vastly less than that which has perished in oblivion.

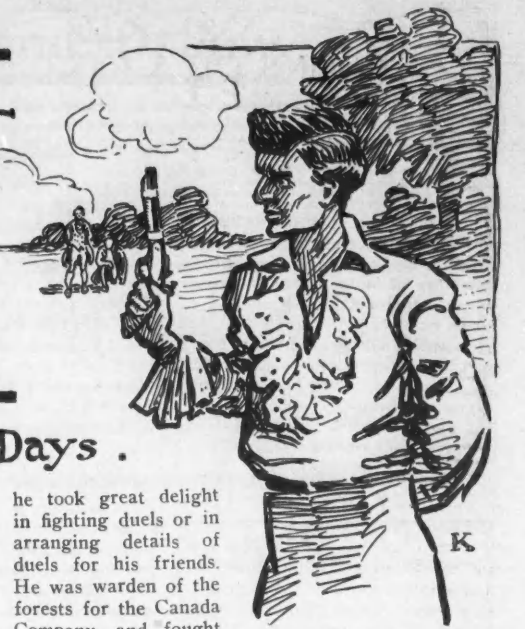
One of the famous duels of Upper Canada was that fought between Mr. John White, the first Attorney-General of the Province, and Mr. John Small, clerk of the Executive Council, on Friday morning, January 3, 1800. Mr. Small was the challenger, but we are ignorant of the cause of the quarrel. The encounter, as Dr. Scadding relates in his voluminous work, *Toronto of Old*, took place "in a pleasant grove at the back of the Parliament building between what is now King street and the water's edge." This was at the foot of the present Parliament street. Mr. White received a wound above the right hip and soon after expired. The seconds were Mr. Sheriff Macdonnell for Mr. Small, and Baron De Hoen for Mr. White.

This affair caused a great sensation at the time. The deceased was a man of great attainments, whose loss the Government keenly felt. In the editorial columns of the *Oracle* and *Constellation*, two newspapers of the day, appeared strong condemnations of the practice of duelling. Mr. John Small was indicted and tried for causing the death of Mr. White before Judge Alcock, but was found not guilty. Perhaps the odium of this affair was directly responsible for his defeat when he contested the riding of York in 1801.

On October 10, 1806, a fatal duel took place at Niagara, on the American side of the river, near the French fort, between William Weekes and William Dickson. Mr. Weekes was a barrister and a member of Parliament for the united counties of York, Durham and Simcoe, and Mr. Dickson also belonged to the legal profession. The death of Mr. Weekes cast a gloom over the community, and was deeply regretted by his constituents, who voiced their grief in an eloquent memorial to his successor.

On July 12, 1817, George, the youngest son of Surveyor-General Ridout was killed in a duel with Mr. Samuel Jarvis. The nature of the dispute which led to this fatal meeting is not recorded, but the affair was conducted according to the rules of the recognized code of honor. Mr. Jarvis was brought to trial, but was acquitted. Duelling was not recognized in law, but it had the sanction of a social custom, and no jury would convict the participants. This affair was raked up again eleven years afterwards, in 1828, by Francis Collins, editor of the *Canadian Freeman*. He had been imprisoned and fined for libel. In revenge he brought into court the two men who had been seconds in this duel. One, Mr. Henry John Boulton, was now Solicitor-General, and the other, James E. Small, was an eminent member of the bar. Needless to say, they were acquitted. The duelling weapons generally used were pistols. The use of the small sword or the rapier had gone out of fashion in the Anglo-Saxon communities at this time. Even such an exquisite dandy and military man as Captain Rawdon Crawley, in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, uses pistols in his duels, those famous pistols, to use his own words, "the same which I shot Captain Marker."

A great many of the duels in Upper Canada were fought by members of the Bar and the House of Assembly. The knights of the black robe were not content with the battles of the tongue in those days, but followed the more dangerous avocation of duelling. Many gentlemen in other professions also occasionally met on the field of honor. Colonel Arthur Rankin, who sat in the old Canadian Parliament, and in the first Dominion House of Commons as member of Essex, was in six "affairs," and it is said, endeavored to have a seventh with Sir John Macdonald. Colonel Dunlop, who was associated with John Galt in the colonizing efforts of the Canada Company in Huron county, in 1825, was a noted duellist. A veteran of the Napoleonic campaigns and the war of 1812,



he took great delight in fighting duels or in arranging details of duels for his friends. He was warden of the forests for the Canada Company, and fought with Commissioner Jones when the relations of the Canada Company and the Colborne clique grew strained.

Once John Galt, the founder of the Canada Company and of the town of Galt, which bears his name, had arranged a duel. He, Dunlop and a third person were awaiting the arrival of the other principal, when a messenger rode up at full speed to announce his illness. Dunlop was so furious at the postponement that he threatened to shoot the messenger. A duel which he took great pleasure in arranging was that between John Stewart, a lawyer and schoolmaster of fame in Huron county, and Archie Dickson. They quarreled at a district council dinner, and a meeting became necessary, although Dickson had little heart for the encounter. At daybreak Stewart began to pace up and down in front of Dickson's window armed with a sword and a pistol. Dunlop awakened Dickson and urged him to fight. He made a hurried toilet, repeating with a groan, "I dinna want to fight, but if a' must a' must," but the duel never came off, for the simple reason that Stewart had the only available weapon.

A great many duels were arranged only in obedience to the inexorable social etiquette of the day, which demanded an attempt at a meeting even if the matter were settled another way. The constable was very often a *deus ex machina*, whose coming was eagerly wished for by the trembling combatants. Many an incipient tragedy had a farcical ending through his opportune intermeddling. In many cases he was given information well in advance, and the duellists did not object to his appearance as long as their honor was satisfied without bloodshed.

Thomas Conart, in his *Upper Canada Sketches*, relates an amusing story of a serio-comic duel which took place in 1837 at Whitby, in the closing days of the Rebellion. There was a grand ball which many of the officers of the troops then quartered at Whitby, besides the leading people of the neighborhood, attended. One of the gentlemen present accused another of having pocketed some cakes from the refreshment table. The lie direct was exchanged, and both parties rode to a nearby hotel to arrange the duel. At daybreak they were placed one at each end of the verandah which extended along the front of the building. A Captain Trull endeavored to prevent the fight, and stood directly between the two duellists. One, however, shifted his ground and fired at his opponent, who immediately, though unhurt, threw down his pistol and fled. The peacemaker, it is said, was so incensed at the fugitive's cowardice, that he picked up the discarded weapon and pursued him.

This ridiculous scene symbolizes very well the manner in which duelling has gone out of fashion. It had its origin in the famous trial by combat of the Middle Ages, and became such a universally accepted social custom and instrument of private justice, that it flourished to a late date in spite of the laws. But it could not withstand the shafts of ridicule. A duel became at last a farce, and the custom was laughed out of court. Yet the passing of the duel was important as severing one of the last links that united medieval to modern Europe and announcing the beginning of a new period of social evolution. The history of duelling in Upper Canada is very brief but its records throw some light on the social customs and political controversies of the day.



Lady of the House (instructing new page)—Have you ever been at a party before, Riggles? Riggles—Honily as a guest, Mum.—Punch.

A gentleman who conducts a large wholesale business once remarked that his experience with office boys could be summed up as, "Hired—Tired—Fired."—*Life*.



## DRAMATIC NOTES

ONE evening this week I was walking down King street, and as I passed the site of the new Alexandra Theatre on the old Upper Canada College grounds, I noticed a big gang of laborers working overtime on the excavation, which is a remarkably large one, making the ground space occupied by many of the large manufactories in the district look small by comparison. A number of idlers were standing on the sidewalk watching the busy scene. Out of curiosity I stopped and addressed a question to one of the group, an elderly gentleman of somewhat decayed appearance, of the type that ruminates in hotel windows. "What are they going to build here?" said I. The old fellow turned full around upon me with an air of being interrupted in a reverie and replied: "A pleasure house for gentlemen—a theatre." The tone in which he imparted the information and the look with which he favored me aroused within me an uncomfortable feeling that he had some suspicion that I might belong to the incomprehensible class he had mentioned. Lest he should treat me to a lecture on the wasteful and disreputable habit of lolling in theaters I went my way. But as I did so I reflected on the old gentleman's definition of the theater. I am in exact agreement with him in his interpretation of what it is, or at least what it should be—a pleasure house. The striving for newness in all things in these days has in much too large a degree deprived the drama of much of its pleasurable without adding to its profitability. During the past season I saw, with perhaps one exception, all the important dramatic presentations given in Toronto, and about all the indifferent plays, and the only ones which I can recall without effort, and which do me good to recall, are those which left "a pleasant taste in my mouth"—which gave me pleasure. Every other person of discrimination with whom I have spoken on the subject has said the same thing. The dreary, gruesome "problem" plays we all seek to forget. It is far better for the player-folk to appeal to the finer instincts in men and women than to caricature their human weaknesses—far better and more pleasurable. Toronto theatergoers have shown that they do not approve or enjoy the harrowing, unpleasant play. Even Mr. Willard could not popularize such an offering as *The Fool's Revenge*. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the day of distressful drama will soon pass. The portrayal on the stage of unloveliness, as a rule, fills us with weariness rather than inspiration.

Next October a dramatization of Marie Corelli's work, *Barabbas*, by Mr. Edward A. Braden, will be produced in New York. The play is laid in Jerusalem, and treats of the trial and crucifixion of Christ. According to the announcements it will be elaborately staged, and one hundred and twenty people will be employed in the performance. In my opinion the production of these "Biblical plays" is distinctly incongruous. Invest them with all the splendor of stage setting that is possible, produce them even with real strength, and they still impress one as melodrama, which is scarcely a consummation to be wished.

The other day a young lady who was a rather regular attendant at the Princess Theater during the past season, reveling particularly in the plays made fascinating by an atmosphere of flaxen wigs and golden snuff-boxes, was writing a letter. Her dinky little roller blotter was not in good working order. "My goodness," she exclaimed, "I wonder what those people in the old-time plays used to blot their letters. They seemed to dust it on like you dust sugar on strawberries." "Do you want to know what it is?" grunted big brother from the depths of his chair. "It's sand. I was just reading something about that in this paper I've got. Listen to this. Some old chap's writing, and he says: 'What changes in all the apparatus of writing! When I was a boy, everybody wrote on letter paper, and there was no envelope.' The letter was folded in a peculiar way that was taught to children, then put in a 'cover.' There were wafers and sealing wax; no blotting paper, but sand. Quill pens were in universal use. There were 'pen-knives,' a name still retained, to 'make' them with. We cannot forget how *Miss Squeers* shyly brought up her pen to be 'made' by *Nicholas*. Steel pens were not in use."

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe propose to produce three new American plays next season. Two are by Eric Mackaye, and the third by H. W. Boynton. They also promise plays by D'Annunzio and Sudermann, including a revival of *The Sunken Bell*. In *As You Like It*, Mr. Sothern will appear as *Touchstone* and *Jaques* in alternation.

Among stars who have gone abroad a summering are Fritz Scheff, Robert Loraine, Kyle Bellew, Frank Daniels and Dave Montgomery of Montgomery & Stone. Miss Scheff will spend part of her summer in Vienna. During July she will take an extended automobile trip through the Black Forest. Bellew will spend July with friends in London and along the Thames. A part of Loraine's vacation will be spent at Cheshire, his home town. Frank Daniels, with Mrs. Daniels, will visit Scotland, stopping some weeks at Dundee, where Mrs. Daniels lived for some years when a girl. Dave Montgomery's trip will be devoted to general sight-seeing on the continent. Speaking of the vacations taken by actors and actresses a friend remarked to me the other day that stage people must "have a big snap with nothing to do all summer." As a matter of fact, members of the profession do not walk out of the theater on the night of their last engagement in the spring and throw aside dull care until a new season comes around. The men and women who have achieved distinction on the stage indulge in summer trips to restful spots, but reading and study give them a short enough interval between seasons. Those who fill minor parts have, during the months when the theaters are closed, to hustle at some less artistic employment to keep body and soul together.

The lasting and affectionate regard in which the London players hold their favorites found splendid exemplification at the matinee at the Drury Lane Theater in commemoration of the theatrical jubilee of Ellen Terry. It was the most remarkable manifestation of its kind in the history of the British stage. Miss Terry made a short speech, thanking all for their kindness. She said: "Though I stood here as long as the pyramids have stood, I could never say what this day has been to



LITTLE QUESTIONS.  
"Father, must I get married some time?"—Life.

me; I have the heart to wonder at all you have done for me, but not the tongue to praise you. I will not say good-by just yet, but can still speak to you as one who is still among you on the active list, still in your service, if you please." Everybody then joined in singing *Auld Lang Syne*. Arthur W. Pinero announced that the receipts approached \$30,000. The exercises closed with the singing of the national anthem.

Toronto theatergoers who enjoy genuine fun will be glad to know that *The Gingerbread Man* will be heard again next season. On the 16th instant Mr. E. A. Braden signed contracts with J. Baldwin Sloane whereby he is to control the rights of this successful comic opera for a term of years. The excellent record made by this sprightly and highly meritorious production during the season just closed has determined Mr. Braden to send out two organizations in *The Gingerbread Man* next season, an Eastern and a Western company.

HAL.

### Sir Henry and the Theater Cats.

In his *Reminiscences* of the late Sir Henry Irving, says the *London Academy*, Joshua Hutton gives some anecdotes which show the great actor in the role of a humorist. Two of these we repeat:

A certain man, says Mr. Hutton, used to go about purloining, as it were, an occasional glint of Irving's fame by dressing as much like him as he could, wearing his hair long in the Irving manner, and getting as near as he could, with economy, to the style of his hat. One day this gentleman stopped Irving in a quiet street and, with a touch of pride, said:

"Mr. Irving, I find myself a good deal embarrassed by being so often mistaken for you."

"Cut your hair, my friend; cut your hair," was the prompt reply.

The second anecdote is characteristic of Irving's great generosity, as well as showing his quiet sense of humor. A widow of an old Lyceum servant applied to him for some sort of occupation about the theater, whereby she might earn a living. Irving appealed to Loveday, his manager.

"There is absolutely no vacancy of any kind," said Loveday.

"Can't you give her a job to look after the theater cats? I think we've too many mice about, not to mention rats."

"No," said Loveday, "there are two women already on that job."

"Hum, ha, let me see," said Irving, reflectively, then suddenly brightening with an idea: "Very well, then give her the job of looking after the two women who are looking after the cats."

The widow was at once engaged on the permanent staff of the theater.

There disappeared not very many years ago from the roll of European nobility armorial bearings taking the form of a wooden bottle pierced by an arrow. There was a romance in that bottle. A battle between Frederick III. of Denmark and Charles Gustavus of Sweden had left the spoils of the Danes. After the battle, a sturdy burgher of Flensburg was about to take a long pull from his bottle, when a stricken Swede hailed him and begged for a drink. The Dane, borrowing the classical phrase, "Thy need is greater than mine," knelt by the side of his fallen enemy to pour the liquid down his throat. As he did so, the Swede treacherously fired a bullet into his shoulder. "You knave!" cried the other, starting to his feet. "I would have befriended you, and you seek to murder me in return. I will punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle; now you shall have but half." Tossing off half himself, he gave the remainder to the Swede. His King, hearing of the incident, ennobled him, and assigned him for his armorial bearings the emblems described.

We wish Mr. Kipling would write out more fully his ideas and impressions about literature, says *Harper's Weekly*. He could make an essay which, while it might not say all there is to say on that subject, would be exceedingly good reading, and doubtless edifying. He has spoken before about the magic of words. In the story called *Wireless*, he says—as near as we remember it—that there are only five passages in all literature which are pure magic, and three of these he credits to Keats. That men have been able to put into words the thoughts, the feelings, the emotions that they have put into them; that simple, common words are able to hold the thoughts and emotions so entrusted to them and give them up again on demand, so that "they walk up and down in the hearts" of sympathetic readers—that is truly matter of magic and passes understanding. It is an extraordinary trick to put words together so that they will live and move. It has been done and will be done again. Any one is welcome to do it who can. But there is this about it: some men can put into words what they have in their minds and some cannot, but no man can put into words what he has not had in his mind. He must

have had the thought, the feeling, the tears in his eyes, the magic in his heart, before he can possibly transmute it into language. The masterless men with words need not have done great deeds nor possess great virtues; but they must have had great feelings, else their words will never walk. So, after all, the magic is in the man who charms the words more than in the words that are charmed. And the miracle is that the words hold the

A good example of the promptness of Canadian justice when it is in good working order was furnished by the trial and conviction of the three men who held up the train near Kamloops, B.C. Within twenty-five days from the time the train was held up the men were ready for the penitentiary; two of them to serve life sentences. In that time there were two trials, the jury having disagreed the first time, owing, it is said, to the presence of a Socialist, who was opposed to punishing men by placing them in prison. It was probably a record case. It ought to be a great advertisement for British Columbia justice, as well as a warning to train robbers.—*Woodstock Sentinel-Review*.

In a diagnosis of the President's intrepid and strenuous character, *Collier's Weekly* says, while reviewing a late unpleasantness which involved a question of veracity: "To him, what he believed yesterday and what he believes to-day are the same, however different they may seem. Much, therefore, that might seem uncandid in the President is really the expression of this trait. If a brick hits him he throws back that brick. If he is displeased by a quotation he denies it. He who is overpraised is often overblamed. Partly because the President is supposed by the populace to be more of a hero than he is, a hostility to him is insidiously gaining ground among the sophisticated, and this hostility makes the great, serious error of allowing exasperation to create blindness to the fact that, when all his faults are counted, Mr. Roosevelt is the most widely influential creator of moral political sentiment alive in America to-day."

The money spent by the Russian treasury in the two years of the Russo-Japanese war is calculated by the *Militär-Wochenblatt* (Berlin), the organ of the general staff of the German army, as 1,677,000,000 rubles (\$855,270,000). This does not include the expenses which follow the war, viz., the support and return of Russian troops and of Japanese prisoners, which cost 405,375,775 rubles (\$205,741,644). To these two sums is to be added the loss in ships, besides transports and other auxiliaries, which includes fourteen ships of the line, three armored coast defenders, two armored gunboats, four armored cruisers, six protected cruisers, seven unprotected cruisers and 34 minor vessels, including torpedo-boats, which were valued at 260,000,000 rubles (\$132,600,000), making a grand total of \$1,946,111,644. According to the same authority, the actual expenses of the war to the Japanese may be set at \$3,155,114,085, but this does not include the loss of war-ships, of which no public estimate has been published.

President Roosevelt has an account at the Riggs National Bank in Washington. The bookkeepers have no end of trouble keeping the President's balance straight, because so many people who get cheques from the President fail to cash them, preferring to preserve the cheques as souvenirs. So many persons are willing to pay from \$1 to \$10 for an uncashed cheque signed by the President that hundreds of dollars are saved the President every year.



Rich Aunt—You only visit me when you want money. Spendthrift—Well, I couldn't come much oftener, could I?—Tatler.

### Mr. Carnegie and Humor.

IT was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, an Englishman, who propounded anew the ancient and altogether dreary conundrum as to whether English or American humor is superior. About the same time a number of British authors discussed Andrew Carnegie's proposal to endow spelling reform in a manner which ought to settle the question in favor of America. They took Andrew seriously. Nobody can do that and support any considerable claim to humor.

Several years ago, when the ironmaster publicly dedicated himself to the profession of getting rid of his money, he aroused an extraordinary interest. The thoroughgoing capacity which he had displayed in the obverse vocation of acquiring half a billion or so promised striking results in the restorative process. Besides, it was a novelty. Undoubtedly his intentions were honorable. He has worked hard and conscientiously at his new calling, diligently seeking to irrigate, from the copious stream of his regal income, as many promising bits of arid soil as possible. Perhaps he foresaw, early in the undertaking, that the utmost he could accomplish would amount to a mere incidental spattering—in which case he might as well dribble for a dandelion of Carnegie heroism here and a Johnny-jump-up of spelling reform there as empty the watering-pot to raise a single sheaf of wheat. He sticks manfully to the job. In his recent trip through the South he dutifully uncorked the can at most junction points and spilled a revivifying cupful, properly trade-marked. Meanwhile the delectable system which made him a multi-millionaire still operates in unimpaired efficiency. Interest on his \$300,000,000 of Steel Trust bonds is earned by a tariff which permits the Trust to charge consumers at home one-third more than it charges consumers abroad, and by a transportation scheme which gives it use of the national highways at preferential rates. The suggestion that this is made all right to the common man if one out of a million of him can get a bronze medal, for which he has no possible use, signifying that Mr. Carnegie deems him a hero, or by a faint promise of simplifying his orthographical difficulties, ought to be a conclusive test for humor.

Although expressing no opinion as to the rival claims of English and American humor, we maintain that the Scotch article is superior to both.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

### The Britisher in Canada.

The Britisher of a certain class complains loudly and constantly that general prejudice is manifested against him in this country. In Australia it seems that conditions are reversed. A recent issue of the *Sydney, N.S.W., Bulletin*, has the following:

"It is discouraging to be an Australian in Australia. The proper road to advancement is to be British-born and educated; to arrive with a conspicuously English carpetbag, trousers that announce the prevailing wetness in London, and an accent of haw-t-y superiority. Then are the doors of preferment opened unto you, and soft nests prepared, whilst the Australian of talent prepares to emigrate and to find in Europe, South America or Asia the appreciation of his abilities which his own land refuses."

If this is the case, it is hardly to be wondered at that Britishers feel more at home in Australia than they do here. In Canada we care little where a man comes from if he "fits in" and "delivers the goods." With regard to the "prejudice" against British immigrants, it is encouraging to note that a number of Britishers themselves are beginning to recognize that many of their own countrymen are themselves to blame for the poor opinion that is often expressed of them here. One of them puts the case very fairly in writing to the *Belfast Saturday Night* from Toronto.

"I notice in *Ireland's Saturday Night* of March 31," he says, "a letter signed 'T. G.', a well-known Belfast man, who makes a great kick about Toronto. Now, I am a Belfast man not so well known, but I have been here for over three years, and I can only say if 'T. G.' does not like the land of promise, let him get out; no one sent for him. I do not think anyone comes out here for sport; it is, I generally find, because they cannot get work at home. I think it very unfair for anyone to come out to a strange country and get a better position than he could at home, and then start and howl because the people won't run the country to suit him."

### The Prince and the Peman.

LORD ROSEBURY, with whom the King, one of his oldest personal friends, lunched a week or two ago under the shadow of the growing Vesuvius, is just entering upon his grand climacteric. As young men—it may almost be said as boys—he and King Edward were much together, and the cordial relations then established have never been broken, for the King is staunch in his friendships, as many another besides Lord Rosebery can testify. Nothing does the King seem to enjoy more, when he meets one of these old boon companions, than to recall and have a hearty laugh at some merry prank of the days gone by, such as that in which, according to a writer in the *Grand Magazine*, he and Lord Rosebery and another nobleman were concerned when the Royal Yacht Club at Gravesend was their frequent place of rendezvous.

They were hardly out of their teens at the time. Gravesend was at that time the great yachting center and the Royal Yacht Club the club *par excellence* for all who indulged the sport. The King—then, of course, Prince of Wales—was a member, and was frequently there, in the season, with his friends. On one occasion the trio referred to were making their way from the North Kent Station through Bath street to the club, when they encountered a hot-peman named Smith, quite a character in those days. The old man kept his wares hot in a bright tin arrangement about three feet in height with a small fire in it to keep up the heat. It was evening, and when this object, and the old man in his white coat, cap, and apron, caught the Prince's attention, he challenged his companions to take a flying leap over the can. He himself showed the way, and cleared the thing with several inches to spare. The others followed; but the third youth, striking it with his foot, sent the whole paraphernalia flying. Naturally the owner made a tremendous outcry when he beheld his pies rolling in the dust. A piece of live coal, moreover, fell upon his boot, and he loudly complained that he was "nearly burned to death."

Before much of a crowd could gather the Prince and his companions were able to obtain from the peman the amount at which he valued his wares, and the outrage was immediately salved by a present quadruple the sum named. Then the Prince, adding another coin of the same color, said: "And this will pay for your burnt toe." "And this," added the third of the trio, "will pay for the fright we have given you." And so with a laugh they went on their way to the yacht club.





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## With the Fire-Rangers

By ANDREW F. UNDERHILL

ONE of the pleasanter weeks I ever spent in the Canadian North Woods came about in this way: I was making a trip to the Temagami region last autumn, intending to spend several weeks in that country, and was proceeding on a slow train at night, via the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railroad, from North Bay to Temagami Station, when I fell in with the chief fire-ranger of the district, who happened to sit next to me.

When he heard of my plans, he suggested that if I would cut my proposed trip short a week, he could substitute for me, in its place, one of the most delightful experiences in the way of an outing I might ever enjoy. "This trip," said he, "will give you an idea of our Canadian system of protecting the rich timber lands against fire, the sight of more game and fish than you have probably ever come across before, and an acquaintance and friendship with two of the best woodsmen and finest fellows you have met in a decade. The country you will see is the best moose and deer country in all Northern Ontario. What do you say?"

The prospect was so alluring that I immediately gave assent. "A week from to-night, then," he went on, "I'll have my men meet you on the track at the thirty-second mile post. Get yourself and your luggage off the train there next Friday, and the rest will be all right."

At ten at night on the date proposed, in a drizzling rain, I was left alone with my belongings by the track in the midst of the black forest, the train passing on into the darkness. At first, I must confess to having experienced a rather uncomfortable feeling, but I was soon reassured by perceiving a lantern approaching and hearing a cheery voice ring out by way of greeting.

After a rather sleepless night spent in a lumber camp in the forest some distance from the track, we started from the shore of Jocko lake and passed, by a series of waters, down into the Jocko river, a small stream running through picturesque stretches of level land, beneath trees that made a wonderful arch-work of tracery overhead, and frequently skirting bold and rugged hills standing like grim sentinels above the moving water. After three hours' paddling we ran the canoe ashore at the site of the old, abandoned Hudson Bay post, which Jack, my fire-ranger guide, informed me was the half-way mark of our journey—nothing left there but an old bridge of logs and a dilapidated outhouse rising in melancholy appeal from the clearing.

After eating lunch we entered on the second stage of our journey, and three hours more of hard paddling brought us at last to the shore of "Idylkrest," my fire-rangers' camp. Our canoe was soon unpacked, and not many minutes elapsed before we had passed over the threshold of one of the most comfortable camps it has ever been my lot to visit.

The day was but half spent, and we made hasty preparations to vindicate our coming by having a try at the fish. During the short delay, Pete, Jack's fire-ranger partner, who had followed us an hour behind from the lumber camp, ran his canoe upon the shore, and welcomed me heartily. He had seen two bull moose on his way down, but had refrained from shooting, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, so as to give me a chance the next day. After Pete had snatched a hasty repast, and I had jointed and prepared my rod, we started fishing just off a point where a little clear runlet emptied its swift stream. A half hour brought us five splendid pike—their weight twenty-eight pounds, the largest nine and three-quarters. As I was fishing with a six-ounce rod it was necessary to play my fish for a considerable time before attempting to land them, and when I struck my nine-and-three-quarter pounder, I began to have a pretty lively time. As the battle went on, Pete eyed me critically, and finally began to laugh until I thought he would upset the boat.

"Well," said he, "that's the darndest kind of fishin' I ever see. Ten minutes to land one fish! Why, in that time I'd have landed seven while you were gettin' one. When I get a fish I don't do no foolin'. If he's on, I just haul him 'till he's off, or in the boat. The way you do, that's triffin'."

We returned at dark to a hot supper prepared by Jack, of which we partook with no mean appetite, and sat smoking by the camp-fire till the hour grew late. Here I learned much of the duties and life of the fire-ranger. The Canadian ranger goes into the woods the first of May and stays till the first of October. Two men are always sent together as partners—usually a young man and one of middle age. Their duties are: First, to locate and "run" the boundary-lines of the domain, blazing the way on trees, and opening trails; then they must "travel" the tract once so often, placing on conspicuous trees along the trails and portages the Government signs, printed on linen, warning against the reckless building of fires and containing the definite rules to be observed. They are supposed



The Correct Thing for Tennis—"Life."

to keep watch of camping parties and people journeying through the tract, to see that these rules are obeyed, and that the game laws are not transgressed. In dry weather every part of the limit must be visited within a certain number of days. When the weather is wet, the duties are not arduous, for at such times the forest will take care of itself. Millions of dollars, by means of this supervision of forests, have been saved to the Dominion of Canada, and to the individual owners of its vast stretches of timber.

To the lover of nature travelling through the "silent places," the fire-ranger's camp, or shack, is always a haven of welcome, for the lonely watchman of the forest never fails to bid you share the shelter of his roof and to partake with him of his wholesome fare.

We were up next morning with the early dawn, and while eating a hearty breakfast, I was startled by Jack's rushing from the table into the cabin. He emerged with a pair of field-glasses, which he directed toward the further shore of the lake. "Get your rifle, quick," he whispered after a pause, "a deer—I'll be ready for you with the canoe." We were soon paddling toward the opposite shore, where we could see, dimly outlined in the distance, the figure of my first buck browsing contentedly on the green rushes along the water's verge. The wind was toward us so that he did not get our scent. When we had approached within three hundred yards, Jack bade me drop paddle and take my rifle. "Now," said he, "don't shoot too quick. I'll put you up near to him." The deer did not seem to notice us. When we had come to two hundred yards, however, he raised his head and looked about.

"Now give it to him," said Jack, as he turned broadside on. I aimed for his shoulder with great deliberation, but the bullet went high. Two more shots followed him as he turned, without excitement, strange to say, on my part. He did not drop, but made for the bank. Then my nerve forsook me. A fourth bullet went a hundred feet short, and a fifth struck the lake a hundred feet in front of the canoe. "He's gone," said Jack, "you've missed him." "Maybe," said I, "but I could swear that second shot struck him in the hind quarter." Said Jack, "We'll see if there is any trace of blood."

Pushing the canoe to the shore, we landed and searched the bushes for signs; when, sure enough, about a dozen yards from the place where he had disappeared several bright red splotches clung to the leaves of the underbrush. We followed on, and again the red moisture stained the rustling leaves. A quarter of a mile from the lake we came upon him in a little glade—down in a heap. I had gotten my first deer.

Day followed day in quick succession at "Idylkrest," and each hour brought its joys on the open waters or in the pathless woods, as I ranged from end to end of their wild domain. Fifteen deer and seven moose I saw and got within shot of during my week's visit, but none fell save to the snap of the camera. Fourteen partridges and four ducks were brought to bag in one morning's sport. My rod, too, did not fail to vindicate its maker and master. Never has better luck fallen to me than in the waters I was piloted to by Jack and Pete.

The time of my sojourn passed all too quickly, and at last came to an end. The shore of "Idylkrest" vanished in the wake of our departing canoe, and once more we passed the winding and shaded stretches of the Jocko river, catching a glimpse of a fine bull moose just as we turned into Jocko lake. Soon my baggage was lying beside the thirty-second milepost, and the whistle of the approaching train warned me to be in readiness. A hearty handshake to Jack and Pete, with the promise to return next season, and my week with the two Canadian fire-rangers, the best backwoodsmen I have ever known, was ended—"Four-Track News."

## AUTHORITIES ON SLEEP

It was recently noted by the English newspapers that a sub-committee of the Devon Education Board have recommended that where a child shows unmistakable signs of drowsiness it should be allowed to go to sleep.

Anxious, as ever, to ascertain and diffuse expert opinion, Mr. Punch has been at pains to consult a number of leading authorities on this subject, with the following highly interesting results:

Mr. Henry Newbolt, the famous singer of the West Country and author, amongst other lyrics, of "Devon, O Devon in wind and rain," at once replied in the following spirited promptness:

"Six hours for a man;  
For a woman, seven;  
And eight for a fool—  
Was considered the rule  
When I went to school.  
But in drowsy Devon  
The minimum's seven;  
And the higher you sail  
In the social scale,  
The larger the numbers  
Allotted to slumbers."

For myself I'm content with a modest nine,  
But our Duke, so his intimates say,  
Repeatedly breakfasts at five o'clock tea,  
And dozes the rest of the day."

Mr. Sidney Lee said that the value of sleep as an incentive to literary effort and a means to longevity was unquestionable. Epimenides, the Cretan poet, who went to sleep for fifty-seven years, attained an age, according to different authorities, of 154, 157, 229, or 289 years. Shakespeare's frequent references to sleep indicated (1) a high opinion of its curative value, (2) the probability—which the play "Macbeth" converted to something like a certainty—that Shakespeare himself was troubled by insomnia. Asked whether he connected the Sleepers of Ephesus with the Baghdad Railway, Mr. Sidney Lee maintained an attitude of polite scepticism. He thought, however, that the requirements of Devonshire school children ought not to be made the standard or norm, as the proximity of the Gulf Stream undoubtedly tended to promote a susceptibility to soporific influences from which dwellers in Norfolk were immune.

Professor Churton Collins, on being interviewed, said that the example of the great Napoleon, who cultivated the habit of sleeping at all times and in all environments—hence the word "nap"—fully justified the decision of the Devonshire educational authorities. But in view of the numerous desperate characters who were now abroad he was strongly of opinion that the new Education Act should contain a mandatory clause enjoining on all teachers to instruct children in the art of sleeping with at least one eye open. He added that he deeply regretted to notice that, in the list of national songs compiled by the Board of Education, "Pop Goes the Weasel" was conspicuous by its absence.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman cordially approved of the action of the Devonshire authorities, which he thought admitted of indefinite extension. In his opinion sleeping cars ought to be attached to all workmen's trains. At the same time it behoved us as a nation to be watchful and vigilant. Lord Rosebery, the great prophet of efficiency, was a notorious light sleeper. On the whole he was indisposed to make it a party question, and would leave it to the sense of the House as a whole to determine whether legislation on the subject was necessary.

## Ancestral Memory.

"As I walk along a dark, lonely road, my ears are on the alert, I glance to right and left, I look over my shoulder. Where did I learn this habit? May it not be the memory disk giving off its record? My savage ancestor learned by long years of experience to be specially on his guard in a lonely place, and in the dark. When my indignation is thoroughly roused, I find my hands clench, there is a tightening of the lips, the teeth are more plainly visible, and the whole attitude is suggestive of making a spring. Here is a trait of early man, who gathered himself together and sprang upon his enemy to rend him with tooth and claw. I have often noticed that when people use the word 'offensive' it is accompanied by a quiver of the nostrils and an involuntary movement of the nose. The imagination is still

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haunted by that piece of very offensive carrion which my primitive ancestor with a prejudice for raw meat found too strong for him, so strong that his nose rejected it at once—"Nineteenth Century."

## "When it was Dark."

It was a grand melodrama of the blood-and-thunder type. Perhaps, if the management had been able to afford more elaborate lighting, the effect would have been better still; as it was, the audience were ablaze with enthusiasm.

Down went the footlights—the stage was in deep gloom. The moment came for the villain to kill his rival. It was an awesome scene. Lower still went the lights, until hardly an object on the stage could be seen.

"Alas!" cried the villain, in a voice of utter despair, after despatching his hated antagonist, "What have I done?"

"I'm sure I dunno, guv'nor," came a disappointed voice from the gallery. "Why don't you strike a match and see?"—"Answers."

## An Underhand Trick.

Creditor—So you want an extension of two weeks? What would happen if you were to die before the time elapses?

Debtor—Sir, I am too much of a gentleman to do that!—Translated from "Fliegende Blätter."

## At Heaven's Gate.

St. Peter—That must be a lady's maid waiting out there; I've noticed her several times looking through the keyhole.—Translated from "Meggen-dorfer Blätter."

## "Old-Fashioned Roses."

They ain't no style about 'em, And they're sort o' pale an' faded, Yit the doorway here without 'em Would be lonesome and shaded With a good 'eal blacker shadder Than the mornin' glories makes, And the sunshine would look sadder For their good old-fashioned sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o' Sort o' make a feller feel like 'em, And I tell you when I find a Bunch out whur the sun kin strike 'em, It allus sets me thinkin' O' the ones 'at used to grow And peek in through the chinkin' O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother, And how she used to love 'em When they wuzn't any other 'Less she found 'em up above 'em And her eyes afore she shut 'em Whispered, with a smile, and said We must pick a bunch and put 'em In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a-sayin', They ain't no style about 'em Very gaudy or displaying, But I wouldn't be without 'em, 'Cause I'm happier in these posies And the hollyhaws and sich Than the hummin' bird 'at noses In the roses of the rich.

James Whitcombe Riley.

## Slow Fellow.

"Great news!" cried Jack excitedly. "What is it?" asked his cousin May. "I'm going to marry Vera Koy." "Pshaw! that's not news! She asked me a month ago if I'd be her bridesmaid."—Philadelphia "Press."

## The Life-Savers.

Inquiring Female—And what do you do, Captain, when it's too rough to go out in the boat?

Captain—Well, ma'am, if the wreck ain't too far off, we generally tries to rig a line to her, an' then we sends out the breeches buoy.

Inquiring Female—Oh, the poor little fellow! Don't his parents object?—"Judge."

## Just One More Chance.

Judge (to prisoner, just condemned to death)—You have the legal right to express a last wish, and if it is possible it will be gratified.

Prisoner (a barber)—I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the County Attorney.—Exchange.

## Elasticity.

"This talk about the need of a more elastic currency makes me tired."

## "How is that?"

"When a fellow has to spend a nine-dollar-a-week salary over the needs of a family of five it strikes me that elasticity is not the greatest need.—"Commoner."

## Courting in Peace.

"We are poor," sighed the maiden. "And consequently of no interest whatever to the reporters and photographers," responded the sensible

There is no other salt for table use that can compare with

## Windsor SALT

It is absolutely pure—never cakes—and is always the same.

## IZODS CORSETS



STYLE 26a PRICE \$2.25  
Distinguished for over half a century for their beautiful finish, hard wearing qualities and perfect shape. They combine English work and soundness with French grace and elegance. Awarded a certificate of merit last year at the London Hygienic Institute. To be had in various designs and prices from  
**E. STONE & CO.**  
109 King St. West TORONTO

## Miss Euler's SARATOGA CHIPS

The mother likes them for company expected. The father likes them to nibble between meals. The children make a whole meal of them.

MADE IN BERLIN BY THE EULER-HOUSTON COMPANY.

## WEDDING CAKES

are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped safely by express to all parts of the Dominion.

CATALOGUE FREE  
**The Harry Webb Co.**  
LIMITED  
447 Yonge St. Toronto

## Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle  
**De Miracle**  
A revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, drug and depilatories. These are offered just on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians and dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Removes hair in plain needed places. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians and dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Removes hair in plain needed places. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians and dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Removes hair in plain needed places.

**The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.**

youth as he slipped his manly arm about her fragile form.—Pittsburg "Post."



# DRINK Blue Ribbon Tea

## ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. ROYAL MAIL SERVICE —FINEST AND FASTEST— "EMPRESSES"

**MONTREAL, QUEBEC and LIVERPOOL**  
June 14, Thursday, "Lake Manitoba."  
June 23, Saturday, "Empress of Britain."  
July 1, Saturday, "Lake Champlain."  
July 7, Saturday, "Lake Erie."  
July 13, Friday, "Empress of Ireland."  
July 21, Saturday, "Lake Manitoba."  
July 27, Friday, "Empress of Britain."  
August 4, Saturday, "Lake Champlain,"  
and weekly thereafter.

**MONTREAL to LONDON DIRECT**  
June 17, "Lake Michigan," 3rd class \$26.50.  
July 1, "Montrose," 2nd class \$40.00.  
July 8, "Mount Temple," 2nd and 3rd, \$40.00 and \$26.50.  
S. S. "Lake Champlain" and "Lake Erie" carry only **One Class** of cabin passengers (second class), to whom is given the accommodation situated in the best part of the steamers at \$42.50 and \$45.00.  
"Lake Manitoba"—1st, \$65.00 and upwards; 2nd, \$40.00.  
"Empresses"—1st, \$80.00 to \$90.00; 2nd, \$45.00 and \$47.50; 3rd, \$28.75.  
S. J. SHARP, W. Pass. Agent,  
Phone Main 2560. 80 Yonge Street

## Niagara River Line —FOR— BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK

**Steamer Time Table**  
In effect June 11th, daily (except Sunday)—  
Leave Toronto, foot of Yonge street, 7:30 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3:45 p.m., 5:15 p.m.  
Arrive Toronto 10:30 a.m., 1:15 p.m., 3 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 10 p.m.

City Ticket Offices, Yonge St. Dock and A. F. Webster, King and Yonge Sts. Book Tickets now on sale at 14 East Front St. only.

## R&O TICKET OFFICE 2 King St. East

**Hamilton-Montreal Line**  
Steamers Pictou, Hamilton, Belleville  
Steamers leave Toronto 4:30 p.m., Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, for Port Hope, Cobourg, Bay of Quinte, Port Hope, Kingston, 1,000 Islands, Brockville, Prescott, Montreal, and intermediate ports.

**Toronto-Montreal Line**  
Commencing June 2, steamers Toronto and Kingston leave Toronto 3:30 p.m., daily, except Sundays. From July 1, daily, for Rochester, 1,000 Islands Rapids St. Lawrence, Montreal and intermediate ports. Montreal, Quebec, and Saguenay lines now running.

For further information apply to any R. & O. ticket offices or write H. Foster Chaffee, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

**To SAGUENAY RIVER  
and EASTERN RESORTS**  
FOR VACATION OR WEDDING TRIPS.

TADOUSSAC	\$25.50
HAHA-BAY	28.85
MURRAY BAY	24.00
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Good going daily. Proportionate rates from other points.

Full information at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

## LIGHT and AIRY

Tourist cars on the Union Pacific are clean and light and airy. Overcrowding in them is a condition that is absolutely avoided. The seats are upholstered in rattan, and at night the berths hung with heavy curtains. Bevel plate glass windows ornament the sides of the cars; the wide vestibules are enclosed and traveling is made altogether comfortable.

If you cross the continent in one of the tourist sleepers of the Union Pacific you will enjoy your trip and save considerable money.

INQUIRE OF

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## CANADIAN PACIFIC SINGLE FARE FOR Dominion Day

between all stations in Canada, to Buffalo, N.Y., Niagara Falls, N.Y., and Detroit, Mich.

GOING June 29, 30, July 1, 2  
Returning until and on July 3.

### FIVE DAYS OF LOW RATES

Tickets and information at the C.P.R. City Office, corner King and Yonge streets. "Under the clock."



THEY had danced, and were strolling in the dark shadowed verandah; he in his dashing uniform, in which he endured heat to which boiling oil seemed a cooling draught, and which made her soft, white shoulders and dainty, tapering arms, rising from some sheer, snowy stuff fashioned into a gown, remind him of the "blow-off" above the canteen beer, until he longed to bolt and consume some yards of cooling liquid. But who could bolt when her little hand lay on his scarlet coat-sleeve, and her little voice was softly saying, with an adorable Southern drawl in it, "But you would come ova' tha' and murder us if wuh was declared between England and America, would you? Say you wouldn't, and I'll believe you!" And he, sore beset between the uniform he wore and the girl he loved, gathered up his Irish wit and spoke recklessly. "Sure I would! An' I'd begin with your aunt, because she won't let you come fishing with me to-morrow. I'd slay and burn and harry the lot of your chaperons, but you'd gather into my arms and carry far away until peace was proclaimed. Then you and I would come back and put flowers over our relatives' graves, and agree not to carry any spite about the unpleasantness into our happy lives." Which wasn't so bad for a mere lieutenant, who spoke louder than he knew, as he passed the corner where a grizzled warrior and I were comparing notes about camps of other days. And the grey-head said under his breath, "Smart lad, that one!"

A small boy in our block came a cropper, rooting up the dust with his dear little soft pug nose, after the fashion of small boys who tumble. His mother rushed at him and picked him up with a hasty shake and dash over his dusty front, and loudly demanded, "Can't you go quickly?" The small boy looked at her ruefully. "You ain't much of a comfort to me!" he said, as he wiped the tears from his face.

Someone has written a novel which recalls those stirring days of '66, when you and I were younger, and felt a small tremor of the great fear which must follow a serious invasion of one's native land by an enemy. The Fenian Raid has been lightly treated by those who have fought big battles, and scouted as merely a "scare" by many who have never smelt powder. There is no doubt about the "scare," though we were not so much frightened as bewildered at the notion that a parcel of disloyal officers and men, tag-rag and bobtail of the disbanded Union army, should presume to arrive with the notion of floating a green flag of the Irish republic over our Canadian apple trees. How the Fenian army was formed, officered, trained, and inspired, and how it evaporated, and how it succeeded in rattling our men until they took flight, and who blundered, and all about the affair, is told in this novel, which I picked up one day lately while resting in that famous room in the City of Heavenly Rest, where the crimson rambles do not climb, but lool along the trelis on the friezes. The heroine gives the tale its title, "A Maid of Ontario," and, judging it by my memories of '66 and the

frank opinion of Mr. Gay, who was in the scrap, it tells the truth without fear or favor. In the interest of reading about the brief struggle, I forgot to note the name of the writer, who is of modern vintage, for he makes his characters talk about the "Dominion," which title for Canada wasn't existent until a year after the Fenian Raid, and also calls the "New Fort" of '66 "Stanley Barracks," a name it didn't get until many years afterwards. Despite these little breaks, the tale is well worth reading, and is the first I have come across about an episode in Canadian history which might have been of much more importance had not the best laid plans gone "agley," happily for you and me!

It is not work that kills people—it's the way they do it.

A correspondent, in fact many correspondents, write from time to time, asking if it be worth while to attempt to conquer conditions and environment. As our conditions are self-created, by which I mean that their power depends upon our own mental attitude toward them, it certainly is good and sensible to determine and arrange that they shall be as pleasant and helpful as we can think them into being. If one remarks that on such and such an occasion he or she has changed conditions by change in thought, surely that is proof enough and incentive enough for us to continue to work the same power, and change anything about which we think wrongly. A burden is laid upon our lives—we can spend time, nervous energy, and temper in thinking of its weight, its angularity, and sometimes be so stupid as to gird against what we call its injustice. In short, we may make the very most of it as a trouble and a depresser of the soul. On the other hand, we may say, "Here's a load for me to carry. Am I going to let it interfere with my peace? Certainly not; I live above such things." And straightway we find ourselves mounting to the altitude of our thought. We create the indifference which we need; we have made a pleasant condition; we feel our power to do this, and that's the whole thing in a nutshell. It needs belief, unlimited belief, and a strong will to be free; with these two, nothing that life can bring, except falseness to ourselves, can dominate the divine power in every one of us. Is it worth while? Well, rather!

### LADY GAY.

#### Conquering the Evils.

Giving the same smart effect, but conquering the evil of the injurious French high heel, the designer of the Dolly Varden is as proud of his harmless high heel as of any of the fourteen new features of this dainty shoe for dainty women. The dead level ball and heel balance prevents all injurious effects which the familiar French spiral heel created, and yet the new heel retains the smart effect so much admired. This shoe can be had in both the \$4 and \$3.50 lines at 110 Yonge street.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Apollonia—I promised you a delineation this week. Your writing is full of character, self-will, and independent thought, with the wish and the power to dominate. You can be warmly loving, and should be demonstrative when your affections are aroused, also a trifle exacting and apt to resent any shortcoming in the object of your affection. It is the hand of an idealist, to whose imagination many unstable and unwise things might easily appeal. I am sure you'd lose yourself very soon in protracted argument, which you probably dislike. June 9 brings you under Gemini, an air sign, and you have the unrest of the dual nature of Castor and Pollux pulling you in opposite directions. The June children are generally very brightly loquacious. It would be indeed well for you to cultivate a cheerful philosophy, and remember that any double sign needs much repose, thought and solitude to help in bringing and preserving harmony, without which your life isn't doing itself or you justice. Nothing is more easily poisoned than your element, the air; nothing so fatal, unless pure and sweet. I need not tell you of your quickness, brightness, and play of fancy, but there is something you need—purpose, inspiration, repose—and you only can achieve its possession. I have indeed one "13" superstition, that of sitting at table with twelve others. I simply will not do it. And so, farewell to you. If

you write again I shall be delighted—honest!

Das Mädchen.—Your hand is not formed, even though you are eighteen. There is, however, the dominant touch and spasmodic caution, some concentration, intermittent sentiment, care for detail, and a great deal more regard for convention and formalism than Apollonia evinces. The seventh of June is neither lucky nor unlucky. It governs the most brilliant successes, and the most lamentable failures, according as you develop and discipline yourself. There is more adaptability in you than in the other June study I referred to, and a great deal less original aptness; also you are really much more egotistic. The erratic impulse which mars the progress of your sign, with the uncertain aim and varying purpose, is suggested by the wayward slants in your study.

George.—March 20 is a good enough time. The March sign, Pisces, rules until the 21st, and its children are lovable, magnetic, generous and confiding, fond of beauty in art and nature, loyal to friends, honest and clean-minded, innately modest, sometimes so deficient in self-esteem as to be awkward and apt to imagine the world is against them. Worry, anxiety and diseased imagination are faults of Pisces people. They are often so mortified at being told of a fault that they deeply resent it in silliness. Perhaps it is the Pisces sensitiveness which makes you resent the rude stares you mention. It is not usual for one of your sort to be decided in the way you mention; more natural to hesitate. Your writing is full of fair promises, and has many of Pisces' most ingratiating qualities. It suggests a business training and aptitude.

Forget-me-not—I know the city you mention thoroughly, and am very fond of it. Just now it's charming. Your writing is yet a copy-book hand, pleasing and even, with many graceful curves, but not the character and snap one loves in a study. You had better wait a bit for a delineation.

Anxiety.—October 4 brings you under Libra, the Scales, an air sign, particularly lovable and useful when properly balanced, will and judgment hanging even, and the bright mentality free to work in its always original and charming way. You have decided ambition, perseverance, hopefulness, imagination, good temper, social instincts, impulse and energy. You are courteous, frank, and honorable. It isn't a consistently strong study, but there is a good deal of power and a conservative tone.

Ishobel.—You are adaptable, hopeful, enterprising, somewhat tenacious, at times despondent, always reasonable, practical, and with some love of power. It isn't difficult to be original, if you are just yourself. In fact, one cannot, unless one willfully stultifies oneself, be anything else. I think I'd not bother trying to be interesting to society. Such a lot of rubbish seems to interest that queer mixture. Naturally, one thinks of oneself a good deal, and rightly so; it pays to consider one's capabilities and do one's best to give each a chance. You have quality likely to repay consideration. See other answers to June people in this column. There are several.

Gladys Vernon.—You are a Taurus child—that sign beginning to rule on April 19, and ending on May 20. It is a hard sign to overcome; its children are fearless, kind, generous, with great powers of concentration, great love of material things, good living, jolly company, and money to spend. Your writing is excellent, but not formed enough to interest a graphologist. It shows great traits, waiting for proper development.

Grandmother.—There is humor, grace of fancy, much power, love of beauty, refinement, and some sensitiveness, admirable discretion, conservatism, very pleasant temper, care for detail, enterprise, and very good sequence of ideas. You will never grow old. Lady Gay's love to you, and she knows you are Irish by the blessed crinkles and curls on some of your letters. 'Tis the writing of a gentleman, truly womanly, too.

Gem.—Backhand, and written on lines. I don't wonder you find your decisions difficult and often regrettable. You don't think independently enough. November 15 brings you under Scorpio, the great power of the ocean. It is said Scorpio women are particularly fond of flattery, and that they are often unduly fond of dress and high living. When the Scorpio nature is awakened it is helpful, powerful, tender, and devoted. There is really splendid will power in this sign, and its people can be almost anything they choose. Overcome suspicion, jealousy, and insincerity to yourself; never scold, or nag, or domineer. I don't say you do, but they are Scorpio faults.

A Puzzled One.—You deserve what you got—if you have been sending your writing hither and yon, and each reader has done you different. Perhaps you're right; they hadn't much to go on. I find you ambitious, sentimental, open to influence, alternately cautious and indiscreet, rather pessimistic and decidedly self-centered; thoughts sometimes logical, sometimes erratic; taste and appreciation of beauty notable, mental tone bright, but not always practical; perception quick; tone conservative and averse to change, an attractive but not reliable

study. February 15 brings you under Aquarius, an air sign, whose children are too often careless and excitable, squandering time, gifts, and advantages, the strongest and the weakest people in the world.

G. T.—I think sixteen is too young for a delineation. Your writing is in the formative stage.

### Low Summer Tourist Rates West.

During the entire summer the Chicago and North Western Railway will have in effect very low round trip tourist rates to Colorado, Utah, California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia points. Choice of routes going and returning with favorable stop-overs and time limits. Especially low excursion rates to the Pacific Coast from June 25 to July 7. For further particulars, illustrated folders, etc., write or call on B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont.

### Prince and People.

Prince Arthur of Connaught was with us for a few days. He went again, and about two thousand persons, more or less, will tell their children that they once had the honor of being presented to him. If the Prince could examine the pedigrees of those who were thus honored he would find that the parents of at least half of them came over steerage from the British Isles. From steerage to the title "Honorable" in two or three generations is easy enough in Canada. In fact, it has been accomplished in one generation by a not insignificant few. Every person has a chance in this country. Every social grade is open to a man irrespective of the social standing of his parents—with the single exception of the permanent militia, which is retained as a special preserve for the younger sons of aristocratic Canadian or British families. In Great Britain, it is much more difficult for a man to rise from the ranks to equality with the aristocracy in one generation, although it has more than once been accomplished.

There were handsome women presented to the Prince, who, in their younger days, had been farmers' daughters, servants and even hotel waitresses. In England the difficulties which beset the ambitious women are even greater than in the case of men. Even a minister who marries a girl "of the people" can scarcely find a pulpit either in England or Scotland. More than one clergyman has come to Canada because the pulpits were closed to him on account of his having married the daughter of a tradesman. Here no such distinction obtains.—"Canadian Magazine" for June.

### All Right Now.

"You objected to Jack because he had to work for a living, didn't you, mama?"  
"Yes, my dear. He doesn't belong to our class."  
"Well, it's all right now. May he call to-night?"  
"Has someone left him a fortune?"  
"No, but he's lost his job."—Cleveland "Leader."

### THE OLD PLEA

He "Didn't Know it Was Loaded."  
The coffee drinker seldom realizes that coffee contains the drug Caffeine a serious poison to the heart and nerves, causing many other forms of disease, noticeably dyspepsia.

"I was a lover of coffee and used it for many years, and did not realize the bad effects I was suffering from its use."  
"At first I was troubled with indigestion, but did not attribute the trouble to the use of coffee, but thought it arose from other causes. With these attacks I had sick headache, nausea and vomiting. Finally my stomach was in such a condition that I could scarcely retain any food."  
"I consulted a physician; was told all my troubles came from indigestion, but was not informed what caused the indigestion, so I kept on with the coffee and kept on with the troubles, too, and my case continued to grow worse from year to year, until it developed into chronic diarrhea, nausea and severe attacks of vomiting, so I could keep nothing on my stomach and became a mere shadow reduced from 159 to 128 pounds."

"A specialist informed me I had a very severe case of catarrh of the stomach, which had got so bad he could do nothing for me, and I became convinced my days were numbered."  
"Then I chanced to see an article setting forth the good qualities of Postum and explaining how coffee injures people, so I concluded to give Postum a trial. I soon saw the good effects—my headaches were less frequent, nausea and vomiting only came on at long intervals, and I was soon a changed man, feeling much better."

"Then I thought I could stand coffee again, but as soon as I tried it my old troubles returned, and I again turned to Postum. Would you believe it I did this three times before I had sense enough to quit coffee for good and keep on with the Postum; the result is I am now a well man, with no more headaches, sick stomach or vomiting, and have already gained back to 147 pounds." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
Look in packages for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

## When the Liver is out of Order

calomel, cascara, salts, strong liver pills and purging mineral waters won't do any permanent good.

When a person is bilious, the liver is not giving up enough bile to move the bowels regularly—and some of the bile is being absorbed by the blood. In other words, the liver is in a weakened, unhealthy condition.

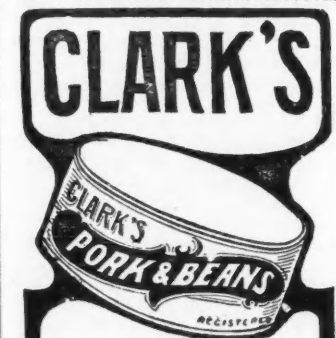
Now, purgatives don't act on the liver at all. They merely irritate the bowels, and afford only temporary relief. But FRUIT-A-TIVES are the one true LIVER TONIC. They act directly on the liver—strengthen and invigorate this vital organ—and put it in a normal, healthy condition.

FRUIT-A-TIVES also stimulate the glands of the skin—and regulate the kidneys and sweeten the stomach. When skin, liver and kidneys are normally healthy, there can be no biliousness, no constipation, no kidney trouble, no impure blood, no headaches.

No other medicine known to science is so reliable and so effective in curing Biliousness as these fruit liver tablets.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are fruit juices with tonics added—and are free from alcohol and dangerous drugs. 50c. a box or 6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price, if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES  
LIMITED,  
OTTAWA.

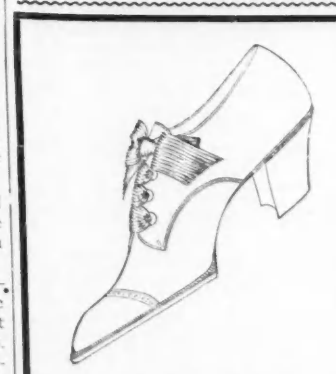


The pork adds a delicacy and richness of flavour to the carefully selected beans which makes it one of the most appetizing and tasty dishes. There is no food more nourishing than

## CLARK'S Pork and Beans.

They are sold plain or flavoured with Chili or Tomato Sauce in germ proof tins.

WM. CLARK, Mfr.  
MONTREAL. 7-1-06



## WOMEN'S TAN SHOES

There's nothing so comfortable for a Women's Summer Shoe as a light, cool, and dainty Tan Oxford.

The narrow toes and Cuban heels, made on the newest lasts, await the woman who wants the "correct" thing in a summer tan.

For those who prefer White Canvas, we are showing all the desirable styles.

Tan Oxfords .....\$2.50 up  
White Oxfords .....\$2.00 up

H. & C. BLACHFORD,  
114 Yonge Street.

## Would you trust the repairing of your watch to a black- smith?

Then why give your doctors' prescription to a patent-medicine selling druggist?

My drug store is a physicians' prescription dispensing laboratory, where nothing but the purest drugs are used, and the most skilful, careful dispensing is done.

George W. Ferrier  
233 COLLEGE STREET



## A PUNCH BIOGRAPHY

WILLIAM HARVEY (1578-1633)

It is astonishing what luck some people have.

Columbus discovered America by merely sailing for some time in the right direction. America takes up some room and could hardly be avoided by anybody going that way. But nobody happened to have been before, so Columbus gets the glory.

Sir Isaac Newton lay under a tree for a doze, and an apple fell on his head. What he said has not been recorded, though it may be imagined. What he did was to give out that he had discovered the Law of Gravitation. The name caught on, and Sir Isaac Newton got into Parliament on the strength of it, was made Master of the Mint, knighted, and finally buried in Westminster Abbey. Pretty good that, for one small apple!

The third instance is that of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and the subject of our biography.

William Harvey was born at Folkestone, the seaside resort, in 1578, and educated at Canterbury and Cambridge. His favorite recreation is not mentioned in the works of reference, but was very likely rounders, and this may have given him the hint of which he afterwards made such good use. He took his degree at the early age of nineteen, for he was a bright lad. At the age of twenty-four he had taken two M.D.'s, and settled as a physician in London, probably in Harley street. Some people would call this enterprise, others impudence. He went on pocketing fees for the next twenty years, and then his chance came. People's blood had been circulating ever since the time of Adam, but it first occurred to William Harvey to make a fuss about it. And the fuss told. That was William Harvey's luck.

He nearly spoilt his chances by the title he gave to the book in which he announced his discovery. What was wanted was a short, snappy title that would arouse interest and curiosity. William Harvey was far too clever for that. He called his book "Exercitationes Anatomicae de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis." One would have said that a book with that on its cover wouldn't have a dog's chance. And it wouldn't now. It would have to be called "On its Rounds"; or "When it was Red," if it was to sell on the bookstalls. No bishop could be expected to preach about a book called "Exercitationes Anatomicae," and the rest of it.

But William Harvey's luck held, in spite of this mistake. The next we hear of him is as physician to Charles the First, and so intoxicated by his success that nothing would do for him but to be sent on an embassy to Nuremberg, accompanied by the Earl of Arundel, and publicly demonstrate his theory before the Emperor. It was his artfulness to call it his theory. He knew very well by this time that the blood circulated. It was a fact, not a theory. The Earl of Arundel knew it, too. He had heard quite enough about it on the way over. How William Harvey demonstrated his theory is not recorded. Perhaps he pricked his finger. Perhaps he pricked the Earl of Arundel's. It is not probable that he pricked the Emperor's.

Having once induced people to listen to him when he mounted his hobby, William Harvey stuck to them. He stuck to Charles the First, and was in attendance on him at the Battle of Edgehill. Charles the First was too polite to say he had had all he could do with the circulation of the blood; and he lost the battle.

William Harvey accompanied the King to Oxford, still prosing on about the circulation of the blood. This was a little too much. Charles the First got rid of him in the most graceful way. He had him elected Warden of Merton, and took good care not to accept invitations to dine at the high table of that college as long as he remained in Oxford.

The Fellows of Merton put up with William Harvey for four years, and then Cromwell turned them all out. They didn't like going, but they felt there were compensations. Most of them had become vegetarians in self-

defence, and could now return to a meat diet.

William Harvey went back to London, and, "during the remainder of his life was usually the guest of one or other of his brothers." They were always a united family, the Harveys, and William's brothers said that if all the other houses in London were closed to him theirs should remain open. Blood was thicker than water. "Yes," said William, "and it circulates. I don't know whether I ever told you two fellows that when I went over to Nuremberg with my old friend Arundel—." And so on. They stood that for eleven years.

In 1651 William Harvey tried to repeat his early success with a book called "Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium." But it was a frost. Nobody was going to let him start off again if they knew it. The book was reviewed in the medical papers, but had no sale at the libraries.

Six years later he died, and was buried at Hempstead, near Saffron Walden. And that was the end of William Harvey.—"Punch."

### The Fisherman's Rubaiyat.

I.  
Wake! for the clock is several hours late,  
And in the pools the eager troutlets wait,  
All longing for the brilliant-colored fly—  
While from your flash sounds gurgle of the bait.

II.  
I sometimes think that never grow so hot  
The words that we are prone to use a lot  
As when some fish is hooked and played quite well  
And, when you reach for him you find he's not.

III.  
What! if the boy can fling the creel aside  
And with a crooked stick that we deride  
Catch far more fish than we of fancy rods,  
Were't not a shame for us to harbor pride?

IV.  
Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent  
The fishing streams and heard great argument  
'Bout fancy lures, and rods and heels and such,  
But always caught 'em with a pin upbent.

V.  
Ah, pard, could only you and I conspire  
To use worms to our heart's desire,  
Instead of sticking to our fly-book truck,  
Could not we each be made a better liar?

—Denver "Republican."

### Here's a Poser.

Here is a question for those who like to occupy their minds with ethical speculation:  
Pompeii is one of the priceless possessions of mankind. The destruction of every town around Vesuvius apart from any loss of human life, would be regarded throughout the civilized world as a disaster incomparably less serious than the obliteration of Pompeii as it exists to-day.

Suppose a stream of lava which would otherwise overwhelm the remains of Pompeii and bury them forever, could be averted by the involuntary sacrifice of a single life—let us say that of an obscure, mortally diseased, disreputable, worthless person inhabiting Torre del Annunziata; and suppose the question as to whether the lava should swallow up Pompeii or this single individual was to be decided by secret ballot of all the educated Christians on earth.

Would the majority of the educated Christians of the world, each voting honestly his preference and knowing that the character of his vote would never be disclosed, decree the destruction of what is left of Pompeii or the extinction of this one worthless life in Torre del Annunziata?—New York "Sun."

If the average man had what he wanted there wouldn't be anything left for the balance of mankind.—Portland "Oregonian."



Strawber—Do you think this link is so good as it used to be? Singler—Oh, no! it's so crowded now that there's no place to kiss a girl without being seen. —"Life."



### SUMMER MUSINGS.

Now doth ye mistress of ye house set forth for summer outings gay,  
Yet feareth that ye naughty spouse will eke be glad that she's away.

—"Puck."

### "US GEORGES"

By George Ade.

HAVE you ever figured out why people who wish to be emphatic say "By George?" To swear by the Deity would be profane. To swear by Oscar or Herbert, or Randolph, would mean nothing. "George" has been adopted as the most important and awe-inspiring name that can be borrowed from the ordinary human list.

From the original St. George, patron saint of England, who is shown in his favorite lithograph to be fighting the syndicate, down to George Wilkes, the great trotting stallion, the name of "George" has always been the trade-mark of a live one. Every good Pullman porter is named George. If, when alighting at a one-night stand, you insist upon being hailed by a "George," you will invariably get an upholstered hack, with the blanket neatly folded and not as much hay as you might expect.

George the Third would have won if he had not given away so much weight in meeting the other George, adopted step-father of George Washington, Jr.

George is from the Greek, meaning "husbandman" or "farmer." My parents were in right, but how about George Marion, George Beane, George Nash, George Considine, and George Caine?

When you begin to count them, it is wonderful how the Georges loom up. There has been but one George Francis Train in the last century, and George Alexander is to the English stage what George Dixon was to another department of art in this country.

When a woman wants to write under a man's name, she hurries to get in with the real Georges. Take the three greatest—George Eliot, George Sand and George Fleming.

Some people ask, "What's in a name?" Answer—"Everything." Can you see the Chicago public fighting to get into a show-shop to see a piece written by Egbert M. Cohan? And if my name had been Wilfred Ade, would I have been invited to write for the papers. Suppose that George Bernard Shaw had been christened Sam Bernard Shaw, would "Man and Superman" have run all winter in New York? Think it over.

There's no use talking. "It's a grand old name."

### Ellen Terry's Tribute to Shakespeare.

One of the most significant tokens of England's appreciation of Ellen Terry, remarks the New York "Dramatic Mirror," was the letter sent to her by the trustees and guardians of Shakespeare's birthplace, congratulating her on the completion of the fiftieth year of her association with the stage. That Miss Terry herself valued this letter above the many more conspicuous tributes and more substantial rewards which marked the celebration of her jubilee, will appear from the following graceful acknowledgment, in which she pays something other than perfunctory homage to the great dramatist:

"I have no words to express my pride and delight in this address of congratulation from the trustees and guardians of Shakespeare's birthplace. 'It is an honor that I dreamed not of,' and one that to me must stand as high above all others as Shakespeare stands above all other poets. If in my fifty years' work upon the stage I have done anything in the cause of Shakespeare, he has done everything for me. No dramatist before or since has ever given us players such opportunities, nor suggested to us such high, brilliant, and varied ways of exercising our art. Every part of Shakespeare's has been to me a liberal education. It was a happy omen for me that I was born in his native Warwickshire—happier still for me I

## THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA.

The thirty-first annual meeting of the shareholders of the Standard Bank of Canada was held at the Head Office, corner of Jordan and Wellington streets, Toronto, on the 20th instant. Among those present were W. F. Allen, R. C. Bickertaff, W. F. Cowan, Fred W. Cowan, W. Francis, J. Hedley, W. R. Johnston, David Kidd (Hamilton), H. Langlois, J. K. Nevin, G. B. Smith, W. W. Tamblin, Frederick Wyld and others.

The chair was taken by the President, and the General Manager was requested to act as Secretary of the meeting.

The Chairman read the report of the directors and the General Manager read the statement of the affairs of the Bank, as on the 31st of May, 1906.

### REPORT.

The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the 31st Annual Report for the year ending 31st of May, 1906, together with the usual statement of assets and liabilities.

The business of the past year has been very satisfactory and the net profits, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, for rebate of interest on unmatured bills under discount, etc., amount to \$175,652.03. To this has been added \$184,278, the premium on new stock issued at 200 on the 15th of May, 1906, which, together with the balance of profit and loss account of \$62,114.86 brought forward from last year, amounts to \$422,044.86.

This has been appropriated as follows:—

Half-yearly dividend No. 60, paid 1st Dec, 1905, at the rate of 10% per annum	\$ 50,000.00
Quarterly dividend No. 61, paid 1st March, 1906, at the rate of 10% per annum	25,000.00
Quarterly dividend No. 62, payable 1st June, 1906, at the rate of 12% per annum	30,975.14
Transferred to reserve fund from profits	100,000.00
Transferred to reserve fund from premium on new stock	184,278.00
Carried forward at credit of profit and loss account	31,791.72

Authority was obtained from the shareholders at a special meeting held on the 13th of February, 1906, to increase the capital stock of the Bank by \$1,000,000, and the directors, in pursuance thereof, have allotted \$250,000 to shareholders of record at a premium of 100%.

Agencies and sub-agencies of the Bank have been opened during the year at Bloomfield, Castleton, Concession, Deseronto, Fiesherton, Maple and St. Lawrence Market, Toronto. Offices will also be opened next month in Ottawa and on Yonge street, Toronto.

Since our last meeting the Bank has sustained a severe loss in the death of the late Mr. Thomas R. Wood, who joined the Board of Directors in 1894. Mr. F. W. Cowan was appointed to the vacancy.

The head office and agencies of the Bank have been inspected during the year and your directors have pleasure in acknowledging the efficient manner in which the staff have performed their duties. W. F. COWAN, President.

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.
Balance brought forward from 31st May, 1905	\$ 62,114.86	
Profits for year ending 31st May, 1906, after deducting expenses, interest accrued on deposits, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts	175,652.03	
Premium on new stock	184,278.00	
	<u>\$422,044.86</u>	
Dividend No. 60, paid 1st Dec, 1905	\$ 50,000.00	
Dividend No. 61, paid 1st March, 1906	25,000.00	
Dividend No. 62, payable 1st June, 1906	30,975.14	
Transferred to Reserve Fund	100,000.00	
Transferred to Reserve Fund from premium on new stock	184,278.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	31,791.72	
	<u>\$422,044.86</u>	

### GENERAL STATEMENT.

Liabilities.		Assets.	
Notes in circulation	.....\$ 936,941.00	Gold and silver coin	.....\$ 249,478.13
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	.....\$11,674,730.86	Dominion notes, legal tenders	.....1,127,954.00
Deposits not bearing interest	.....1,475,125.50	Notes and cheques of other banks	.....502,322.40
Due to Agents in Great Britain	.....13,149,855.86	Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	.....50,000.00
Due to other Banks in Canada	.....736,429.89	Due from other banks	.....234,801.94
Due to Agents in United States	.....100,830.48	In Canada	.....97,063.58
	<u>247,820.84</u>	In United States	.....2,824,348.63
Total Liabilities to the public	.....\$15,160,277.52	Dominion Government and other first-class bonds	.....2,824,348.63
Capital	.....1,184,278.00	Loans on call on Government, municipal and other first-class bonds and stocks	.....720,843.68
Reserve Fund	.....1,284,278.00		<u>\$5,306,812.31</u>
Rebate of interest on bills discounted	.....44,411.60	Bills discounted and advances current	.....12,242,401.82
Dividends unpaid	.....100.00	Notes and bills overdue (estimated loss provided for)	.....8,730.19
Dividend No. 62, payable 1st June, 1906	.....30,975.14	Bank premises	.....185,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	.....31,791.72	Other assets not included under the foregoing	.....2,167.66
	<u>\$17,746,111.98</u>		<u>\$17,746,111.98</u>

G. P. SCHOLFIELD,  
General Manager.

The usual resolutions conveying thanks to the directors and officers were passed, after which the vote was taken for the election of directors. The following were elected: W. F. Cowan, W. F. Allen, Frederick Wyld, W. Francis, W. R. Johnston, F. W. Cowan and H. Langlois.

At a meeting of the directors held subsequently Mr. W. F. Cowan was re-elected President and Mr. Frederick Wyld Vice-President.

## Any Woman Can Easily Manage The Waverley Electric Automobile.

It is not merely a "woman's car"—the Waverley Electric Automobile.

That might mean a weakly-built, overly-light machine, that a woman could run, perhaps, but which would be out of use too much and too soon.

No, it's not just a "woman's car,"—but it is THE car for a woman—the one automobile that is as easy to drive as a horse and far safer for a woman's use than almost any horse—far safer.

It is a "little" car, this Waverley Electric—little as compared with the popular notion, derived from gasoline and steam-driven motor cars. It is lighter of weight than those—more graceful of appearance—daintier.

But it is a staunch car. It will run day in and day out. It will need fewer repairs and suffer less damage than any gasoline or steam automobile. And it will not get out of order nearly so easily.

The woman with a Waverley need know nothing at all about machinery. There are just three things to do to anything with a Waverley that any automobile can be made to do.

### These Are The Three Things

Left hand—Push a lever forward to start, or to go faster. (Dial shows just how far to push), and pull that lever back to stop.

Right hand—Turn the guiding bar to steer the car. (It steers easier than a row-boat's rudder.)

Right foot—Press down a pedal to stop.

Remember those three things, step in the car and start—that's all. Ideal for little country trips, for shopping, for everyday running about town.

Electric storage batteries cheaply and quickly recharged wherever there's electric light—these furnish the power. Cleanly, simple, costs very little—nothing to fuss with, nothing to go wrong.

The woman with a Waverley is a lucky woman. The woman without one (or her menfolk) should ask us for a booklet that tells about this Automobile. THE DOMINION AUTOMOBILE CO., Limited, Bay and Temperance Streets, Toronto. Connections also in Halifax, Ottawa, Montreal, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg and Vancouver.







PUPILS of Mr. Harry Field who have appeared before the public have never lacked distinction, and this fact was once more emphasized at the recital given in the Normal School on Wednesday evening of last week, which served to introduce several young pianists of undoubted talent. Upon Miss Marie Wylie fell the responsibility of opening the programme, and her finished playing in the Largo and Finale of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 10, may be said to have given the keynote to the whole recital. The slow movement was rendered with a fine range of tone color and with dignity of expression. Subsequently Miss Wylie gave the Rubinstein Barcarolle in A minor and Weber's Concertstuck, in which fluency of technique and elasticity of touch were in evidence. Miss Phyllis Smith in association with Miss Marie Smith, violin, and Miss Elsie Adamson, gave the Haydn G major trio with both finish and sympathetic ensemble. In addition, Miss Phyllis Smith played in the Arensky Suite for two pianos, Mr. Field taking the other piano, and two solos, the Prelude in D flat, by Pachelbel, and the Valse Capricieuse by Grodski, revealing neatness and delicacy of execution. Miss Gertrude Sullivan, whose conspicuous merit is the production of a well-sustained, full tone, contributed the Schumann Nachstuck and the Prelude in C minor by Chopin. Master Harold Jarvis, son of Mr. Harold Jarvis, the tenor of Detroit, who is only eleven years of age, surprised the audience by playing with considerable brilliancy the Chopin Prelude in D flat and the Schuetz Etude Mignonne. Mr. Killmaster rendered with nicety of perception and matured judgment the Thalberg transcription of the Pergolesi air, "Nina," and Rubinstein's Barcarolle in G minor. Miss Elizabeth Topping assisted in the programme, and rendered the Schubert-Liszt "Gretchen," the Chopin Variations in B flat, and Etude in E flat with artistic interpretation and exceptional virtuosity of technique.

The announcement is made that the San Carlo Opera Company will give a short season in Toronto either in the fall or the spring. The prima donnas, it is said, will be Lillian Nordica and Alice Neilson. The orchestra will number fifty musicians, the chorus sixty voices, and there will be that rare thing in opera in these days, a ballet. The repertoire of the company will include "Faust," "Trova-tore," "Carmen," "Don Giovanni," "Giocanda," "Aida," "Barber of Seville," "Manon," and "La Boheme."

Among the bright young journalists of the West is Miss Katharine H. Drummond, at present a resident of Winnipeg. In addition to being a contributor to the "Telegraph" of that city, Miss Drummond has attracted attention by a number of entertaining, well-written, and clever magazine articles. "One notes in the 'Queen's Quarterly' an article from her pen entitled 'The Relation of Music to the Dance.' This is a quiet and able paper, in which the development of music from primitive dance forms is tersely and clearly traced. Miss Drummond shows how the early dance forms when grouped together, became the Suite, which in its turn was the foundation of the modern and complex sonata. Equally interesting is that portion of her paper emphasizing the fact that in comparatively recent times such brilliant composers as Chopin, Weber, Grieg, Liszt, Dvorak, and even Brahms, seized the dance form to glorify it with the illumination of genius, poetry, and grace. Miss Drummond's article is a valuable summary of the progression of the primitive dance music to the modern complex forms of music.

Reginald de Koven, the composer of "Robin Hood" and numerous other light operas, is suffering from nervous collapse, and is an inmate of a sanatorium at White Plains, N.Y. It is expected that he will recover his normal health in a short time.

Marie Hall, the little English solo violinist, who captivated the musical public of Toronto last season, will make another concert tour of America next spring, under the management of Henry Wolfsohn.

It is good news to hear that Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, the English solo pianist, will make a second tour of the United States and Canada next year. In Toronto, it may be remembered, she made an instantaneous success at her debut here.

The Canadian soprano, Mlle. Donalda, took Melba's place at short notice at Covent Garden Opera House, London, on the recent occasion of the sudden indisposition of the Austrian prima donna.

Is vocal composition, says the June "Musical Opinion," destined to die out altogether? One is prompted to ask the question on finding Sir Frederick

Bridge, the adjudicator, announcing that he is unable to award the prize of ten guineas offered by the South London Musical Club for the best glee, on the ground that not a single composition submitted was worthy of it! This would seem to show that, in the present craze for instrumental works, the superior gift of vocal writing is suffering. A well-known musical critic is correct in pointing out that scarcely a glee, madrigal or part song of any charm has been published since the days of Hatton, Barnby or Sullivan. If the "patron's fund" (founded in connection with the Royal College of Music) encouraged choral writing instead of an unending succession of instrumental pieces—the great majority of which never obtain a second hearing—the service which the fund was designed to render to music would be increased tenfold.

Invitations have been issued for the commencement exercises of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which will take place at Massey Hall on Thursday, the 28th of June. An attractive programme will be presented with the assistance of a full orchestra. The diplomas will be presented by the Rev. Canon Cody. Parents of students accidentally omitted from the mailing list will kindly notify the Conservatory. A limited number of invitations can be obtained if applied for at once.

All the seats for the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth have been sold and partly allotted, the biggest subscribers being German amateurs. No soloists have yet been announced, but it is understood that for the five representations of "Tristan" the principal singers will be Frau Marie Wittich and Herr Ernst Kraus, Herr Felix Mottl being the conductor. The two cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" will be directed by Dr. Hans Richter, and Dr. Carl Muck and Herr Biedler (Frau Wagner's son-in-law) will be responsible for the seven performances of "Parsifal."

Mme. Melba, who has been a fairy godmother to many a poor talented musician, is about to introduce to the London public a contralto from New Zealand, Miss Irene Ainsley. This young lady has been studying in Paris with Mme. Marchesi, who speaks very highly of her voice, which is of a rich sympathetic quality. On July 10 Mme. Melba will give a concert at Bechstein Hall in her honor, and will play the accompaniments for her protégée's songs. The Prince and Princess of Wales have promised to attend, and Miss Elizabeth Parkina and Miss Maud MacCarthy and Miss Ada Sassoli have volunteered to contribute to the programme.

Miss Caroline Beacock, a pupil of Miss Marie Strong, has been appointed solo soprano at Erskine Presbyterian church.

Miss Annie Proctor has resigned from the staff of the Metropolitan School of Music, and will go to New York in September, there to engage in professional work.

The Ladies' and Musical Committee of Carlton street Methodist church presented Mrs. W. J. Street, the retiring soprano of the choir, with a bronze eight-day clock, while the choir gave her a pearl and amethyst brooch. Mrs. Street had been connected with the choir for seven years.

According to the London "Referee," Kubelik made \$200,000 by his recent tour in America, which included 107 concerts.

A sympathetic jury awarded Gus Elen, the humorous vocalist, £35 damages against the proprietors of the London Music Hall and Collins', London, England, because they had billed him in small type.

The Paris correspondent of the London "Telegraph" writes:

Mr. Isaac de Camondo, a wealthy amateur, has brought out an opera by himself at his own cost, and has spared no cost in the production. Only three performances were given at the Nouveau Theater, but the scenery was as splendid as though a long run had been expected, and the cost could hardly have been fettered. "Le Clown" is set in the same surroundings as "Pagliacci." The clown loves "Colombine-Zéphirine," but she prefers "Auguste," a sort of "Apache." She gives the clown just one kiss, and "Auguste," mad with hate, cuts a rope on which the clown is swinging in the circus. He falls and breaks his neck, but "Zéphirine" kisses him again, and he dies happy. The story is by Mr. Victor Capoul, who, by the way, is shortly retiring from the stage managership of the Grand Opera. The score is one of the most extraordinarily complex ever written, and the pianoforte version is practically unplayable. But the composer has a fine comprehension of orchestration, and the music, when rendered by the instruments of the band with their different qualities of sound,

becomes clear to the ear. One scene, particularly, is something of a tour de force—that of a fair in full swing, with half a dozen furious bands all going at once, and all represented by the one orchestra. At one moment an organ grinder chimes in. The orchestral scheme is very cleverly contrived. The three leading parts were perfectly sung and acted by Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mr. Rousselière (the new tenor of the opera here), and Mr. Renaud, who is terrifying as the villain "Auguste."

The London "World's" "Who's Who at Covent Garden" gives this thumbnail sketch of Caruso: "The greatest living master of bel canto. Has probably the most beautiful voice in the world at this moment, and one of the most exuberant natural dramatic temperaments. If he had not been a tenor, he would have made a fortune as a caricaturist. Is devoted to gardening, and has a beautiful villa near Florence. Was discovered by Mme. Melba at Monte Carlo about six years ago."

In the eleven years of its existence the Pittsburgh Orchestra management has expended more than \$200,000 above receipts from the public; 636 concerts have been given; 320 in Pittsburgh and 216 in other places.

CHERUBINO.



"Well—I Suppose it's Love That Makes the World Go Round."

Tu Quoque.

Mistress—Lucille, ask my husband what he wants for dinner. I haven't spoken to him for a week.

Maid (tearfully)—Neither have I!—Translated from "Le Journal."

From Either Point of View.

She—Isn't a railroad wreck a terrible thing?

He—Yes, it is—especially when you happen to own stock in the railroad.

—Translated from "Meggendorfer Blätter."

Force of Habit.

"That new farm hand of yours used to be a bookkeeper."

"How do you know?"

"Every time he stops work for a minute he tries to put the pitchfork behind his ear."—Translated from "Saturday Night" from "Fliegende Blätter."

A Necessity.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Flaherty, fish is terribly dear now. We have to go without eating for two or three days before we can afford to observe a fast day."—Translated from "Meggendorfer Blätter."

Looking Forward.

Scientist—I know I haven't long to live, doctor, and when I die I want you to perform an autopsy. I'm very anxious to know just what's the matter with me.—Translated from "Saturday Night" from "Fliegende Blätter."

A Suspicious Opening.

"Tell me honestly what you think of my musical talent."

"Well, if you'll promise not to be offended—"

"Why, of course not—but never mind; let's talk of something else."—Translated from "Meggendorfer Blätter."

Smiff Draws the Line.

Paper bottles are one of the latest. The gentleman who writes the leading articles for this great journal, whose name it is scarcely necessary to say is Adolphe Smiff, does not wish to be considered in the fossilized class, but he emphatically draws the line at paper bottles. At his time of life, and with his experience, a glass bottle is not to be improved upon. Life with paper bottles substituted

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for the familiar glass would be day-light without the sun.—Bobbygeon "Independent."

Their Opportunity.

"Your fiancée is quite deaf, isn't she?"

"I should say so. I had to shout so loud when I proposed to her that two old maids living in adjoining flats are suing me for breach of promise."—Cleveland "Leader."

Knew His Place.

"What did you think of your daughter's graduation essay?"

"I didn't permit myself to think about it," answered Mr. Curnox. "I simply did my duty and admired it."—Washington "Star."

Where It Belonged.

New Bookkeeper (to employer)—How shall I enter up the five thousand dollars that your old bookkeeper ran away with—profit and loss?

Employer—No, charge it to running expenses.—Translated from "Fliegende Blätter."

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MISS ALICE MURIEL GAGGS, Directress.

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## ANECDOTAL

"Now, Johnny," asked the teacher, "what do we see in the country besides grass, trees, and flowers?" "Patent medicine signs!" was the prompt reply.

A brisk-looking young lady entered the office of a down-town business man the other day. "I understand that you advertised for a stenographer and typewriter at three dollars a week," "I did." "Hours nine to six?" "Yes. Are you an applicant?" "No; but my nerves are run down, and I just wanted to inquire what nerve food you used."

The orchestra, consisting of a violinist and a pianist, stopped to rest, and the chairman of the meeting took occasion to step to the front of the platform to apologize for the poor ventilation of the hall. "Gentlemen," he said, "I know how we have all been suffering for the last fifteen minutes. This bad air—" "Der air is yooost as good as de accompaniment," interrupted the indignant violinist, glaring at the piano.

A member of the Nebraska Legislature was making a speech on some momentous question, and, in concluding, said: "In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'" One of his colleagues pulled at his coat and whispered: "Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary; it was Noah." "Noah, nothing," replied the speaker; "Noah built the ark."

The old gentleman showed his displeasure plainly. "It seems to me," he said, "rather presumptuous for a youth in your position to ask for my daughter's hand. Can you advance any good reason why I should give my consent?" "Yes, sir," replied the young man promptly. "What?" "I am comparatively modest and economical in the matter of my personal expenditures, and I think you will find me less costly to maintain than any other son-in-law you could very well pick out."

Dilating on the necessity for precise instruction, Lord Balfour, at a London dinner, told an amusing story relating to the Sudan Railway. To an official, he said, there came a telegram from an outlying station: "Station-master has died. Shall I bury him?" The reply was sent: "Yes, bury station-master; but please make sure he is really dead before you do so." In due time came back the message: "Have buried station-master. Made sure he was dead by hitting him twice on the head with a fish-plate."

Low Fields, who, with Joe Weber, has attained fame and fortune as a German caricaturist, can make jokes of his own as well as give a relish to other men's witticisms. On his latest visit to Philadelphia, the actor was conducted through the new Bellevue-Stratford Hotel by Laurence McCormick, the manager. "Here," said Mr. McCormick, pausing at the entrance to the ballroom, "a Philadelphia debutante had a coming out a few weeks ago that cost \$25,000." "A coming out?" ejaculated Fields. "That wasn't a coming out; it was a blowing in."

Having fought for his country, and in consequence losing a leg, an old soldier stumped his way through life fairly comfortably, for he received a pension and made a little money by doing odd jobs. One day, while working at a neighbor's house, he slipped at the top of the flight of stairs, and fell to the bottom with a sickening crash. "Good gracious, Thomas," cried the lady of the house, running up to the victim, "are you hurt?" "I've broken me leg, mum; but thank goodness it's the wooden one!" said the old soldier. "But, mum, what troubled me most was that for a couple of minutes I thought I'd lost my pension!"

Miss Frances Wilson, who recently became the wife of Charles Huard, a French artist, was in her childhood a close friend of Eugene Field, the poet journalist. She said of him, the other day: "I can still see his tall, gaunt figure, and I can still hear his musical and deep voice uttering jests gravely. He was always jesting. One night

in May he was walking with a young lady and me. The young lady was romantic. She looked up at the sky, spangled with stars and said to Mr. Field: 'Space! space! How wonderful it is. Does it not overwhelm you?' 'Indeed it does,' said Mr. Field, in a deep, awed tone, 'I have a column of it to fill every day.'

An editor was praising Max Beerbohm, the brother of the actor, Beerbohm Tree. "I went to London to see Tree in 'Nero,'" he said, "and at Prince's restaurant one evening I was introduced to Max Beerbohm. He is a critic of the drama and a brilliant talker. He told us that he was at present engaged on a book entitled 'The Brothers of Great Men.' As he was praising this book someone said: 'By the way, you are Beerbohm Tree's brother, are you not?' 'Yes,' answered Mr. Beerbohm, calmly. 'He will be in the book.'

In the cross-examination of a woman called to the witness-stand in a recent trial at Pittsburgh one of the first questions put to the lady was: "At what time of the night was it that you saw the prisoner in your room?" "About two o'clock," said the witness. "Was there a light in the room at that time?" "No; the room was quite dark." "Could you see your husband at your side?" "No, sir." "Then, madam," observed the attorney, his eye gleaming with triumph, "you will kindly explain to this intelligent jury how it was that you could see the prisoner and yet could not see your husband?" "Because my husband was at his club," quietly responded the lady.

The late Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, used to relate this on himself: "I preached a funeral sermon one time and spoke longer than was my custom. The undertaker was a man of nervous temperament, and as the afternoon was going he began to be anxious to be on the way to the cemetery. He finally whispered to one of my members: 'Does your minister always preach as long as that at a funeral?' 'Well,' said the brother, 'that is a good sermon.' 'Yes,' said the undertaker, 'the sermon is all right, and I believe in the resurrection, but I am afraid if he does not stop pretty soon I will not get this man buried in time.'

The story goes that a certain divine noted for his smoking powers was sent for by the board of examiners just before his ordination. "Mr. F.," said one of the board, "your papers are excellent, but there is one thing we object to." Mr. F. asked what it was. "You are addicted to the evil habit of smoking." Mr. F. explained that he saw no evil in it, but, taking a large pipe from his pocket, said: "In deference to your opinion, gentlemen, I promise you this: As soon as I have smoked the plug I hold in my hand I will cease smoking forever." They were satisfied, and he was ordained the next day. Now as he refills his pipe he chuckles and tells you: "I've kept my word. I've got that very plug yet!"

"One day last week I was informed by telephone of a fire in my own office, not six feet away from where I was standing," said a prominent Wall street broker. "A client with whom I had been talking, after lighting a cigar, threw the burning match into the waste basket under a desk. As I went to the door with him I heard the telephone bell ring violently. When I answered the call I was surprised to be told that there was a lively blaze under my desk, which had been seen by a bright office boy in the opposite building. The fire was hidden from me by a high filing cabinet and might have done serious damage before I discovered it myself. I am now hunting for that boy," he added. "Anyone quick-witted enough to think of telephoning in such an emergency I can use in my business."

Ethel is three years old. Her father came home the other afternoon, after working three days and nights under high pressure, with no sleep to speak of, and lay down with the feeling that he might not wake up for a week. Within five minutes the greatest amount of noise would not have aroused him. Three quarters of an hour later, from the depths of his dreams, he heard a clear, small voice: "Father, father! Father, father!" The sleeper stirred and sank deeper. "Father, father, father!" He struggled and resisted and floundered, and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting giant weights. When sight came to him he saw Ethel smiling divinely beside his couch. "Father, father!" "What is it, daughter?" "Father, are you having a nice nap?"

They tell of two young men, brothers, who went to a strange city to find work. Their mother was a religious woman, and she told them, before their departure, to find their church in the city and attend it regularly. "Be sure you find the right church," she said; "there are many imitations of the true church, so be

careful. But after you have found it, attend regularly, and be good boys." So the first Sunday morning after the arrival of the boys in the city, they started out to find the true church. They entered one, and found the pastor saying that something must be done; the church debt was piling up; that the attendance was not what it should be; that the members were losing interest in church affairs, and should be ashamed of themselves; that not enough money was contributed to church funds, etc. "Bill," one of the young men whispered to his brother, "we have found the right place."

## The Dandy of Old Days

WHAT has become of the dandy of the old days, of whom Mansfield's Beau Brummel has preserved the type? Is there now anything to compare with him?

Dandyism went out when Queen Victoria came in. The Prince Consort was more scholar than fop.

To be a dandy three things were requisite, according to the expert of the London "Saturday Review": The man had to dress himself in a more artistic and original fashion than his fellows; he had to be in the best society, and he had to be possessed of brains. Brummel was not a man of birth, but both he and D'Orsay were men of brains, or wit, as it used to be called.

Lord Lamington, in his recent book on dandies, gives us a picture of Count D'Orsay riding down to Richmond on a superb hack, dressed in blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat, wide expanse of snowy shirt front, tight-fitting leathers, broad-brimmed, glossy hat, and spotless, white kid gloves. And he tells us that this faultless make-up was stared at by the passers with respect and the greatest admiration.

He set the styles for New York and Philadelphia as well as London. The London mob of seventy years ago knew who Count D'Orsay was, and cheerfully admitted his claims upon their attention. To-day the mob knows nobody by sight except "the royals" and Mr. Chamberlain. This comes from the indefinite extension of the bounds of what is called society, and from the multiplication of celebrities by cheap newspapers and photography. There are so many "well-known men" nowadays that none are known.

Then the modifications of male costume have helped to kill the dandy. Most of the smart man's costumes are for different kinds of sport, and dandyism in tweeds is not attainable. The modern well-dressed man of fashion in London probably spends more on his clothes than the dandy. For if a man hunts, and shoots, and plays golf and polo, and goes to Court, he requires a large wardrobe, not to be bought for less than \$1,500 or \$2,000 a year.—New York "World."

## Famous Brief Messages

THE assignment on which Walter Wellman, the well-known newspaper man, is now engaged, and which is a subject of world-wide comment, was given to him very laconically. One day the editor of a Chicago newspaper called him to his private room, and said to him: "Wellman, I want you to find the North Pole, going by airship and reporting progress by wireless telegraph." This brief request brings to mind a number of famous brief orders and messages.

To describe a great naval battle in about a score of words is surely given to few famous combatants. Yet this is what Captain Walton did when he had scattered the Spanish fleet near the Straits of Messina. His despatch to the British Government was as follows: "Have taken or destroyed all Spanish vessels which were upon the coast; number and description as per margin—G. Walton." There is a whole page of naval warfare sometimes in a daily newspaper, after a battle such as that which Togo recently fought, which notwithstanding does not tell one half so much of what was the actual result of the fight as this laconic statement of Captain Walton's does about the battle off Messina.

Surely no more laconic order could be given for any matter of world-wide magnitude than that which was given to Stanley when Mr. Gordon-Bennett, of the New York "Herald," despatched him on his famous quest with the simple words, "Find Livingstone!" There was really no more to be said by the master to his servant, when the two so thoroughly understood each other. The questions of money, equipment, preparation, time, etc., were all left without discussion. Stanley's orders were clear. "Find Livingstone!" He set out, and he returned not until he had found the celebrated explorer who had been lost to civilization for so long.

Many Englishmen will remember the despatch of Sir Harry Johnston, which he forwarded to Lord Salisbury. This is certainly the record one of our own times in such matters, Johnston's message of his suppres-



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sion of slavery was in eight words, as follows: "Advanced against Timos, defeated, captured, hanged him.—Johnston." It will take a great deal to beat this. But then, Johnston was always one of those men who did the work first, and then said as little as possible about it afterwards.

It has often been said that Sir Charles Napier, after the capture of Scinde, wrote one of the most laconic and most delightful despatches that the world has known, when he telegraphed home to the Government the simple Latin word, "Pecceavi!"—i.e., "I have sinned (Scinde)!" But here gossip has placed the foundation of the laconic remark on the wrong person, for, as a matter of fact, it was not Sir Charles Napier who composed that famous despatch, but Mr. "Punch," who wrote it as a jest. Nevertheless, it remains an extremely clever and telling piece of work of the kind we are dealing with.

In this category, too, must be included Thomas Carlyle's notable reply to a devoted admirer, who wrote asking if the Sage of Chelsea had any objection to sending on his autograph as a present to the said admirer. Carlyle was equal to the occasion. He just wrote down on a sheet of notepaper the words, "Yes! Yours truly, T. Carlyle." It was left for the admirer to decipher the meaning at his will, but doubtless he was satisfied when he saw the signature, whatever the writer meant him to understand.

Dr. Abernethy was another famous man who never wasted words. A woman of title once came to see him, who prided herself upon her blunt speech to so deemed inferiors. She regarded the doctor with some hauteur because he did not rise and make a great fuss of her when she entered his surgery. She was so disgusted that she just held out her scalded hand, and said, "Burnt it!" The great surgeon was quite equal to the occasion. He looked her in the face and answered, "Poultice it!"—then at once resumed his writing.

One of the cleverest of all such replies made laconically, however, was that of the celebrated Talleyrand, who was asked, as he left a certain French Council, from which certain had been expected, but which had spent most of its time in talk, what had passed during its sitting. His quiet smile and his hopeless tone were as significant as his two words. "Three hours!" said he.

## Convincing Proofs.

"I don't think I'll let my daughter marry you, young man."

"Why not, sir?"

"Well, you have very expensive tastes."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, you want to marry my daughter."—Cleveland "Leader."

"Why is it, Willie, that you have to stay after school nearly every day?"

"Well, ma, I hate to blow about myself, but I'm beginning to believe the teacher must enjoy bein' alone with me."—Chicago "Record-Herald."



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## ANNUAL REPORT The Sovereign Bank of Canada

The fourth Annual Meeting of Shareholders of the Sovereign Bank of Canada was held at the Head Office, Toronto, 12th inst., and was largely attended.

Reports were presented as follows:—

### GENERAL STATEMENT (Condensed) 30th APRIL, 1906.

LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.
Notes of the Bank in circulation. \$1,416,000.00	Cash on hand and at Bankers. \$2,615,287.56
Deposits. 1,138,296.31	Bonds, Debentures, etc. 911,653.59
Deposits due to other banks. 431,853.29	Call and Demand Loans, secured by bonds, stocks, etc. 2,902,731.13
Capital stock paid-up. 3,858,410.00	Commercial loans and discounts. 11,091,781.95
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits. 1,277,400.15	Bank premises and other assets. 447,555.52
\$18,569,009.75	\$18,569,009.75

### COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.

30th April.	Capital paid-up.	Reserve Fund Undivided Profits.	Sovereign Bank Notes in Circulation.	Deposits.	Balances Due to Other Banks.	Total Liabilities to the Public.	ASSETS.	Total Assets.
1903.	\$1,282,576	\$224,260	\$550,375	\$1,252,919	\$45,102	\$1,572,956	\$2,615,287.56	\$5,775,632
1904.	1,301,000	272,363	1,091,865	5,691,453	145,393	6,831,711	911,653.59	8,694,974
1905.	1,300,000	426,626	1,198,190	8,816,205	428,885	9,943,299	2,902,731.13	11,669,906
1906.	3,858,410	1,277,400	1,416,000	11,088,296	431,853	13,706,199	447,555.52	15,569,009

### DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Results of the business of the Bank for the year ended 30th April, 1906:—

Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account on 29th April, 1905.	\$10,088.32
Net Profits for the year ended 30th April, 1906, after deducting Charges of Management, Provincial Government and Municipal Taxes, Advertising Expenses, and accrued Interest on Deposits, and after making full provision for all Bad and Doubtful Debts.	187,467.35
Premium on New Stock issued at \$125 per share.	\$81,250.00
Premium on New Stock issued at \$130 per share.	\$86,550.00
	267,800.00
	\$965,355.67

This has been appropriated as follows:—

Four Quarterly Dividends at 5 per cent. per annum.	\$102,222.30
Transferred to Reserve Fund.	\$50,000.00
Written off Bank Premises.	10,000.00
Reserved for Rebate of Discount on Bills not yet due.	5,000.00
Donations to Hospitals etc., including South African Memorial Fund.	1,500.00
	949,423.90
Balance carried forward.	\$15,931.77

### RESERVE FUND.

Balance at credit of account, 29th April, 1905.	\$400,000.00
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account.	62,200.00
Premium on New Stock, as shown above.	767,800.00
Total, 30th April, 1906.	\$1,729,000.00

Branches or Sub-Agencies have been opened at the following places in Ontario during the year:—Baden, Berlin, Brucefield, Chatham, Essex, Godrich, Huntsville, Ilderton, London East, Millbank, New Dundee, Penetanguishene, South River, Teeswater, Thorndale, Walton.

These offices have fulfilled or exceeded our expectations, and the outlook for all of them appears to be satisfactory.

All the Branches have been duly inspected during the year. The most important event during the year was the sale of a large block of stock to the Dresdner Bank at \$130 per share net to the Bank. This, with the new stock issued in Canada, increased the Bank's paid-up capital to \$3,858,410 on 30th April.

The Directors feel sure that the Bank's progress, as shown by the comparative statement of the past four years already submitted, will be highly satisfactory to the shareholders.

The number of shareholders in the Bank on 30th April, 1906, was 1,119, as compared with 887 in 1905, and 841 in 1904. This wide distribution and the fact that our shareholders include some of the most powerful financial interests in the world, afford the investing and borrowing public, and all who do business with the Bank, a bulwark of strength and security of incalculable value.

The Directors have pleasure in again recording their appreciation of the zeal and efficiency of the staff, through whose efforts the Bank has now grown to such important dimensions.

RANDOLPH MACDONALD, President.

### PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

In addressing the shareholders a year ago, I remarked that even with the increased capital then being issued, we anticipated no difficulty in paying a 6 per cent. dividend and still making handsome additions to the Reserve Fund. These anticipations have been realized. We paid some \$103,000 in dividends during the past year, and had a surplus from the ordinary net earnings of \$84,500, as compared with \$68,900 the year before.

I will ask the General Manager to discuss the statement submitted.

The First Vice-President then spoke as follows:—

The President has covered the ground fully, and I can only add that I concur in everything he has said. What has pleased me very much is the enlargement of the Bank is attracting a more important and influential class of business than might have come to us if we continued to be a comparatively small institution. We have, from the outset, enjoyed an exceptionally good patronage, but this increased security afforded by the enlarging of our capital to \$4,000,000 has undoubtedly brought valuable business from large corporations which would not ordinarily go to a smaller bank.

The greatest difficulty we have to contend with is the securing of premises. We have twice had to alter the interior of the Toronto office, but we have at last succeeded in providing our customers with satisfactory accommodation, at least for a reasonable time.

I now second the adoption of the Report.

### GENERAL MANAGER'S ADDRESS.

The statements submitted complete, and with a few explanatory remarks will be sufficiently comprehensible to enable the shareholders to form a conclusion as to the position of the Bank and its future prospects. I think the results of the year's business may be considered satisfactory. We made more money than in any previous year.

The immediately available assets amount to fifty-four per cent. of the deposits, although fully two thirds of the latter are payable only after notice.

"Current Loans and Discounts," \$11,682,290, consist of advances to merchants, manufacturers, farmers, and others, and represent many diversified interests. The loans are well distributed and average \$1,992 per borrower.

"Bank premises, etc." is a valuable asset; nearly three-quarters of the amount is represented by our ten-story building. The Montreal Branch occupies the ground floor and basement, and the executive offices take up the whole of the first floor. The other eight floors are all rented. After charging ourselves with a very modest rental this building is now netting the bank a clear 5 per cent. on its investment. Our tenants are of a high order, and you may expect this yield to continue for some time to come. The banking room was planned with a view to comfort and convenience, and is an unequalled success. The building and location could not be duplicated in Montreal to-day for within \$50,000 to \$75,000 of the value it stands at in our books.

The balance of the items under this heading represents only some \$1,800 per Branch, for furniture, safes, etc., and is of good value, as we have written off \$30,000 from these assets to date.

The total "Assets" amount to \$18,569,000, an increase of nearly \$7,000,000 for the year.

Turning to the "Liabilities" side of the statement you will observe the substantial increase of \$217,840 in the note circulation. "Deposits" have increased over three and a half million dollars. "Balances due to Banks" are about one-half the amount due us by other banks.

A small balance of recently issued capital is being paid up by instalments; the great majority of the shareholders paid in full in advance. The paid-up capital to-day amounts to over \$3,716,000.

The Reserve Fund increases proportionately as the capital is paid in and now amounts to about \$1,250,000.

The following figures show that the bank's staff and customers have doubled within the past two years:

No. of officers on the staff.	151	247	358
No. of depositors.	17,710	26,725	37,532
No. of discount customers.	3,531	6,185	7,364
Total number of customers.	21,241	32,910	44,896

During the past year we received applications for 2,893 discount accounts, of which 1,714 were declined.

There were 32 chartered banks in Canada when we opened our doors on 1st May, 1902, and we stood 32nd on the list. On the 30th April, 1906, we had moved up into 15th place, in point of assets, and to 6th place in point of paid-up capital. It is not, however, by such comparisons that I would convey to our shareholders the merits of their own institution, but rather by inviting their careful consideration of the unvarnished figures and hard facts laid before them to-day.

I have always had large ideas regarding the position the Sovereign

Bank of Canada should take in the financial world, but my ambition ran towards strength and safety rather than size. It is none the less pleasing to me, however, to be able to say that I believe we now have within our reach the happy combination of both solidity and magnitude, and when we hold our 5th annual meeting I hope we shall be able to celebrate the occasion in a manner satisfactory to the shareholders, and becoming to a great institution.

Mr. W. J. Barr—I recently saw an announcement of a branch being opened in New York, and I would like to know the particular advantage of this move.

The General Manager—This was not referred to in the statement, as the agency was only opened a couple of weeks ago. We have always done considerable business with the United States, and felt it would pay us to open our own office, and this move has brought us other agency business. We have been appointed agents for the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney and the National Bank of South Africa. We are, therefore, in a position to compete successfully for the Canadian business that goes to South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, and to handle such business advantageously on the spot. We have no less than nine men on our New York staff, and, outside of the collateral advantage of the prestige our New York office gives us, we have enough agency business to pay all our running expenses.

Proposed by Hon. James Young, seconded by W. J. Barr: That the thanks of the shareholders are due and are hereby tendered, to the President and Directors for their careful attention to the interests of the Bank. Carried.

Mr. Young said the statement presented to-day is very satisfactory. The arrangement for increasing the Bank's capital was a most happy and successful stroke, reflecting great credit upon the management. He had been more than pleased with the solid businesslike way the Sovereign Bank of Canada was being conducted. Its record has been remarkable, and the accumulation of \$12,000,000 of deposits in four years certainly evinced the feelings of the public toward the Sovereign Bank of Canada. The shareholders were to be congratulated upon the Bank's position and policy generally, and to him that these indicated most careful and conservative management.

In Mr. Stewart we have a most capable and efficient Manager. He is most aggressive in getting business, and yet conservative in handling it.

Mr. Barr, in seconding the motion, said he was sure the shareholders appreciated the services rendered by the Directors. The shareholders should be more than satisfied with the excellent report. He knew this motion had the hearty approval of all present.

Mr. Macdonald—On behalf of myself and my co-directors, I beg to thank you for the kind words spoken by Hon. Mr. Young and Mr. Barr. We are pleased that we have so excellent a statement to present, and that so many shareholders have so kindly expressed their approval of our efforts.

Proposed by Major Arthur G. Peuchen, seconded by A. C. Macdonell, M.P., that the thanks of the shareholders are due and are hereby tendered to the General Manager and staff of the Bank for the satisfactory manner in which they have discharged their respective duties during the past year. Carried.

Mr. Peuchen said he knew each and every one appreciated the high order of service rendered by the General Manager and the other officers of the Bank. Another thing that Mr. Peuchen noticed was the active and intelligent interest taken by local Managers in bringing industries to their respective towns. This showed how keen and alive this staff must be, and the results showed it.

Mr. Macdonell, in seconding this resolution, said it was his privilege to be associated with the Bank ever since its incorporation. He felt fully qualified to speak of the zeal and efficiency of the General Manager and staff.

The General Manager had the happy faculty of combining zeal with prudence, and was in close touch with each member of the staff, and the friendship and affection which existed between Mr. Stewart and the other officers of the Bank largely contributed to its success. Mr. Stewart's aim has been to instill into all officers uniform courtesy and civility.

Mr. Allan—Our men are deserving of all the good things that have been said about them, and no one appreciates this more than the Directors. The annual gatherings of the Managers and principal officers is an important function in the management of the Bank. This year no less than eighty-five were present at the conference, and the bringing together of these men once a year for consultation with one another must be of great value to themselves as well as to the General Manager.

The President—It gives me much pleasure to put this control so large a number of men. I have had the pleasure of meeting various members of the staff, and they are all worthy of the vote of thanks just passed. Mr. Stewart also deserves great credit for the able manner in which he handles them.

The General Manager—On behalf of the staff, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this vote of thanks, and I assure you that my fellow-officers and I fully appreciate the sincerity of the remarks which have been made.

Proposed by J. J. Warren, seconded by G. C. Martin—That the meeting do now proceed to elect Directors for the coming year.

The Secretary reported that the following gentlemen had been elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Randolph Macdonald, A. A. Allan, D. M. Stewart, Hon. D. McMillan, Hon. Peter McLaren, Arch. Campbell, M.P., John Pugsley, W. K. McNair, M.P., and Albert E. Dymont, M.P.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. Randolph Macdonald was elected President; Mr. A. A. Allan, First Vice-President; and Mr. D. M. Stewart, Second Vice-President and General Manager.

### FISH STORIES

ANGLERS as a class have so often been held up to ridicule by the puny wits of the comic journals that in public opinion the veracious Mr. Gulliver is nothing but a second-rate Aramias compared with the disciples of Izaak Walton. A dictionary written in the style of Dr. Johnson would define fish stories as conglomerations of falsehoods, and the piscatorial art as the art of exaggeration. One must admit that there is truth as well as malice in such a definition. It must be in all sadness confessed that the fisherman is a fair butt for the satirist's shafts.

Why should the fisherman be more economical of truth, more prodigal of exaggeration than other men? Truth, they say, lies at the bottom of a well, why should it not be found in deep waters? Some cogent and not unphilosophical reasons can be given to explain why the ore of the angler yields such a poor assay of truth.

The charm of angling is in its mystery and romance, and mystery and romance defy exact delineation; they consort rather with bold speculation than with commonplace description. A fishing trip is always a plunge into the unknown, and leads to adventures like the fabulous exploits of medieval travellers. When Marco Polo returned from his travels in Eastern Asia he described marvels which the cool reason of the home-keeping critic denounces as lies. Pierre Loti's impressions of Morocco are termed, to put it mildly, astonishing romances, and in many Elizabethan accounts of the New World, we can see nothing but over-heated imaginations and fantastical conceits. It is not surprising that the reader is amazed, but is he justified in charging the writer with deliberate falsehood? There is an element of untruth, but it is due to the glamor of strange scenes, which makes the traveller see with an eye not of mortal men. So it is with the fisherman. When he comes to a little pool in the deep forest, surrounded by waving ferns and nodding rushes, at the foot of some boiling cataract, the spell of the wild woods comes upon him; he is bewitched by the sorceries of the dark water, and sees with the eye of faith strange and monstrous fishes. Nevertheless his

psychic experiences are not believed in the material world because his monsters dwindle on the scales. What a sceptical race we are to let a mere mechanical contrivance of bars and weights overcome the vision of a seer!

There is another reason for the mendacity of anglers that will perhaps meet with more favor. It is that they err through the force of example and lie because they are lied unto. No man is more beset with falsehood than a fisherman. Guides, settlers, and hotelkeepers vie with one another in deceiving him. They, with the sordid design of gaining his patronage, tell him tales of splendid fishing grounds, where the trout fight with one another for room to swim, and decoy him through pathless wildernesses to idle chimeras and bitter delusions. Who that is an angler has not gone weary and disappointing journeys with false guides? I well remember once hearing of an expanse of water called Lunge lake, where I was assured the maskelunge were so numerous that a canoeist could scarcely venture amongst them without danger of upsetting. With a companion I paddled many weary miles up stream in search of this halcyon spot. We portaged till our backs were weary and our shoulders ached. We slept in the rain and barked our shins scrambling among giant boulders, and, after several days' perseverance, came upon the promised land. The lake was the very picture of desolation. Surrounded by swamps and thick beds of weeds, it seemed an ideal spot for lunges, but though we

trolled in a drizzling rain from dawn to nightfall we got never a bite. Our troll caught on weeds and sunken logs; we suffered untold agonies from mosquitoes and black flies; but all to no purpose. Yet what wonder that when we had been so cruelly deceived by false reports, we should solace ourselves with false tales on our return. Truly fish stories bless both him that gives and him that takes. They are either the rhapsodies of an imaginative soul deeply susceptible to the influence of nature, or the solaces of a stoic, who hides the pangs of deception underneath the joyous exterior of a garish tale. Like Milton's "Paradise Lost," they are a work of art and genius, although they portray things whereof the author has no sure knowledge. It is only a dull hearer who cannot feel their beauty and their philosophy.

Unanswerable.

"Don't you love me any more, Ricardo?"

"No."

"Why not, dearest?"

"Because I care only for married women, girls bore me."

"Then why not marry me?"

Lots Just Like Him.

Newberry—Is Sanford of an optimistic temperament?

Baldwin—I should say he is. I have known him to go into a restaurant without a cent in his pocket, order a dozen oysters, and feel satisfied that he could pay his bill with a pearl—"Life."

Policeman—Stand back. Don't block up the passage. This exit is specially reserved for the author.—Translated from "Megendorfer Blätter."

"You're mistaken," she says; "not a heart do we rend."

In the heat of the summer they just merely bend."

—Judge.

## PENETANGUISHENE

THE SUMMER RESORT OF CANADA.

On Georgian Bay—the finest body of fresh water in America.

PENETANG, ONT.

Hotel Accommodation 300 . . . 30 Acres of Park . . . Gasoline Launches . . . Bathing . . . Bowling . . . Tennis . . . Fishing. Telephone, Telegraph, Post Office and all Modern Conveniences

RATES AND BOOKLET ON APPLICATION.

## THE KING'S ROYAL HOTEL

OWEN SOUND, CANADA

Will open for guests on and after JUNE 23rd, 1906.

Cuisine and services guaranteed strictly first-class.

Good bathing, fishing and fishing. Lawn bowling and athletic grounds. Golf links now in course of construction. Recommended by prominent professional and business men.

Dr. J. O. Orr, Manager and Secretary, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

"It is the most comfortable, best arranged, and most attractively situated of any summer resort of its kind that I have ever visited."

SPECIAL RATES, via C. P. R., from Saturday to Monday.

J. SUMMERFELDT, Manager.



Looking north from Tower of Hotel.

## TIMISKIMING LAKE

A grand Lake, bordering the unlimited wilds of the North-land. Best

for hunting, fishing, or canoe outings. Unexcelled climate—cool nights—for rest, recuperation, or active life.

### "The Bellevue"

Is a modern House on shore of the Lake, offering first-class accommodation to guests. Gasoline Launches, Boating, Lawn Tennis, Golfing, Excursions, Bowling, Billiards, Ball-room, etc., in separate Recreation Hall, ensuring quietness in House proper. Sanitary conveniences modern. Hot and cold baths on all floors. Ice-cold Laurentian water piped from spring in the hills. Electrically lighted throughout. For information and booklet, write

FREEMAN I. DANIELS, Manager

Timiskiming, Que.

## The Royal Muskoka Hotel

LAKE ROSSEAU, Highlands of Ontario.

THE PREMIER RESORT REGION OF CANADA.

Easily accessible.

Modern city hotel equipment.

Nine-hole golf course in fine condition.

Large boat livery, including gasoline and steam launches.

Tennis, bathing, bowling, music.

Beautiful trails through primitive forest.

Sanitary arrangements brand new and perfect.

Entire immunity from HAY FEVER.

For booklets and detailed information address

L. M. BOOMER,

Manager,

23 TORONTO ST., TORONTO, CAN.

### ATLANTIC CITY RESORTS

#### OSTEND HOTEL

Whole block of Beach front in the smart cottage colony. Why stop at Hotels on "Avenues" and "Near" the Beach when for almost the same rate you can be ON the Beach in a first-class house? White service, heated swimming pool, every luxury. Write for special Spring rates.

trolled in a drizzling rain from dawn to nightfall we got never a bite. Our troll caught on weeds and sunken logs; we suffered untold agonies from mosquitoes and black flies; but all to no purpose. Yet what wonder that when we had been so cruelly deceived by false reports, we should solace ourselves with false tales on our return. Truly fish stories bless both him that gives and him that takes. They are either the rhapsodies of an imaginative soul deeply susceptible to the influence of nature, or the solaces of a stoic, who hides the pangs of deception underneath the joyous exterior of a garish tale. Like Milton's "Paradise Lost," they are a work of art and genius, although they portray things whereof the author has no sure knowledge. It is only a dull hearer who cannot feel their beauty and their philosophy.

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## GRIMSBY PARK

Canada's Greatest Summer Resort.

Bathing, Boating, Tennis, Lawn Bowling.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS: Concerts, Lectures, Moving Pictures, etc., etc.

Lakeview Hotel, \$2.00 a day; Park House, \$1.50.

Reduced rates for longer periods.

For booklet and hotel accommodation write C. H. Kennedy, manager of The Grimsby Park Co.'s Hotels, Grimsby Park.

E. A. CHOWN, Sec.-Treas.



## A VIOLINIST'S HOBBY.

MISS MARIE HALL, the English violinist, who is such a prime favorite with Toronto people, and, indeed, throughout Canada, has had a meteoric and extremely interesting career. Hitherto she had no hobby but her art. Indeed, she has had little time for recreation; for, since as a little girl she played her violin in the streets, not a great many years have elapsed, and she has made the most of them in winning success as a great violinist.

An English writer says, however, that lately she has found that the incessant, continuous strain had played havoc with her bright, girlish spirits and induced fits of moody depression. When she returned from her recent most successful tour in America, she determined to find some fresh interest to counterbalance the professional side of her life. Her friends were full of suggestions and ventured the allurements of every kind of hobby, from a menagerie of tame "wild" animals to stamp collecting. She would have none of them, and boldly announced her intention of adopting as a hobby what the twentieth century woman is supposed to regard as a tiresome bore—housekeeping.

Marie Hall frankly admitted that she was tired of having everything done for her. She therefore dispensed with what her American friends call the "official chaperon," and with her dearest girl friend, Miss Basche, has set up a pretty little home in St. John's Wood, London, where musical friends live all around her. The establishment is distinctly young. Marie Hall has just celebrated her twenty-second birthday; her friend is twenty-two; the housemaid is twenty-two, and the cook has reached the patriarchal age of twenty-three. Quiet taste reigns in the young musician's home. After a winter spent in American hotels and railway cars she is keenly alive to the charms of her "ain fieside," and pronounces her hobby the most delightfully absorbing thing imaginable. She admits that the ordering in of things has been somewhat haphazard—too much of one thing, not enough of another, and nothing at all of something most urgently needed.

The experienced housekeeper would regard the experiment as an impromptu picnic, but it is precisely the unexpected surprises as to what is required to keep the domestic machinery running that affords the young mistress of the establishment a diverting hobby. Her first colossal difficulty occurred when she took the head of the table and essayed to carve poultry. Never was a spring chicken so astonished at the treatment it received!

MISS HALL regulates her life on the sound principle that success and happiness are synonymous. She was recently interviewed on this subject, and said:

"In the judgment of the world the successful man or woman is at once set down as a happy individual, whereas happiness, in its truest sense, can only be found in the

man or woman who, in addition to attaining the material object of his or her life, has lived to see the effect of that life's work and to experience the joy that comes from the consciousness of pleasure given to others.

"Thus, when I read of men who by dint of strenuous work have 'made their pile,' as the saying is, and are thereby classed among the 'successful and happy,' I always feel that this verdict is, if not false, at least premature, for, as I have said, success and happiness are not so easily attained.

"Success of this kind I have myself achieved, and I derive a certain satisfaction from it, but my happiness is derived from my art itself. As a child I was never so happy as when listening to the music of my father and his friends, and later on, during the whole period of my study under Sir Edward Elgar, Max Mossel, Kruse, and the great Sevcik, I was intensely happy, but my greatest happiness was reserved till my appearance on the concert platform.

"The applause that greets my playing tells me that I have reached the hearts of my audience, and I leave the platform happy that I have done justice to myself, but happier still that I have given such pleasure to others.

T HAT I have succeeded in doing this," continues Miss Hall, "has been brought home to me on more than one occasion. I recall one such instance which occurred quite recently. I was leaving the Queen's Hall after one of my recitals when I was accosted very timidly by a little girl who was evidently looking out for me. With a few broken words the child told me that her mother, a hard-working woman, was lying dangerously ill at home.

"So far the story was one of those only too common, alas! in this great city, but when the little mite proceeded to tell me how fond her mother was of music, especially when rendered on the violin, 'which daddy used to play,' and concluded by begging me to call and play to her mother, how could I refuse? I shall never forget the delight of both mother and child when I called on the following day in fulfilment of my promise and played a few pieces in that poor room.

"Sometimes, however, circumstances arise which put it out of my power to add to the happiness of others. Thus during my first American tour I once received a letter from a woman imploring me to give 'only one hour's lesson to my young daughter, who is also a violinist.' The writer added that being only a poor woman she could not afford to pay me a very large fee, but that under the circumstances she was willing to pay me one dollar for the lesson. However willing I might have been to accede to this request I could not possibly do so, for every moment of my time was just then fully occupied."

## How Corsets Wrecked A Steamer

IN the Toronto dailies we read of many recent wrecks to fishing vessels on Lake Ontario, especially those sailing from Grimsby, says the Durham Chronicle.

The large percentage of accidents, serious and otherwise, caused the underwriters to investigate the matter, with the result that they discovered the knives carried by the men magnetic and positively dangerous to navigation.

A press representative secured one of the knives, and took it with him to the works of a well-known Grimsby adjuster. When he stood near the binnacle with the knife in his pocket, the needle performed all manner of weird gyrations, and the adjuster declared the knives were certainly dangerous.

Orders have been issued by the Grimsby skippers, and seamen are prohibited to enter the bridge-room with knives in their possession.

Not only knives are dangerous, but many other little things a person would never think about are liable to send a ship to the bottom if allowed in close touch with the compass. About three years and a half ago the writer had an experience in the Chinese Sea on a large Pacific liner, that is worth relating.

The ship, whose name we won't mention, was bound for Manila via the Bernardino straits. Everything was shipshape and in order, and our course nearing an end. One night about eleven o'clock (six bells) those who were not on watch were awakened by being thrown unceremoniously out of their bunks on to the deck. The engineers were buffeted around the engine-room, and passengers hurled out of their berths. We had struck a rock. With one or two lurches, the old boat slid off, and calmly went on her way, and as the engineers had not yet recovered their equilibrium sufficiently to stop the engines, we steamed ahead at our regular speed, about thirteen knots.

Divers sent down in Manila reported the whole forward part of the hull gone except the false bottom, the keel damaged, and twenty-five feet missing, and the rolling chalks ruined.

Now, what do you think caused the wreck? Nobody knew at the time, but it afterwards developed that some lady passengers were on the bridge at the time of the accident, and were standing near the wheel-house. The rest was easy. The steel contained in their corsets was affecting the needle, and the quartermaster unknowingly ran on a rock he knew the position of as well as he knew his own ship.

## It Appealed to Her.

"Would you not like to fly with me to some hidden part of the world," asks the enamored youth, "where the

false conventions of modern society are things unknown, where the hampering requirements of our present civilization are unheard of, where the people live near to nature's heart, dreaming naught of our silly changes of fashion, knowing naught of the allurements of hats and dresses and—"

"O, Harold!" exclaims the sweet young thing. "Is there such a place? O, how wonderful it would be to go there!"

"Do you mean that you would go?" he cries, his voice thrilling with a wondrous upsurging of soul.

"Would I? It would be heavenly! Think of being able to introduce all the latest things in bridge and shirt-waists and bonnets among those women, and make them all realize what frightful back numbers they are!"

"Life."

## A Curious Find.

While working in his garden near the Saugeen river Tuesday last, Mr. W. H. Arrowsmith turned up a treasure, and intends to examine for something further, says a local paper. The find consisted of two English shillings, which had apparently been subjected to a fire at one time, as both were melted so as to adhere to one another. One contained a profile, apparently of George III., but the inscription is hard to decipher. Mr. Arrowsmith has no knowledge of a house ever being burned on the place, and thinks that an Indian camp may have been located there in days gone by. The coins are silver and the edges milled as our coins are to-day.

## Who Should Write Our Stories.

The Love Story—Twain.  
The English Story—London.  
The Tearful Story—Paine.  
The Creditors' Story—Hope.  
The Baby Story—Howells.  
The Newlywed Story—Batcheller.  
The Young Bud Story—Flower.  
The Sarcastic Story—Cutting—  
"Life."



## SOME ONE SURE OF IT.

Bobbie—Pa, is it really true when you lick me it hurts you more'n it does me?  
Father—Yes, Robert.  
Bobbie—Then here's where you get hurt. I threw the cat down the well, an' ma's goin' to tell you on me.  
—"Ladies Weekly."

of Canada. Its growth in four years is remarkable.

With our banks doing so prosperous a business, with the country's foreign trade increasing more rapidly than that of any other country, and with the promise of another great agricultural year, Canada should be able to break some records in 1906.

## Medical Tests for Automobiles.

Ontario motorists think that they are "marks" for oppressive legislators, but what would they say if they were not allowed to run their cars without undergoing a satisfactory examination by a physician. This, according to the "Hospital" of London, England, is what is required by law in France. This paper says:

According to some new regulations across the Channel, no one will in future be granted a license who is not able to prove, in addition to the possession of the necessary technical knowledge, exemption from any physical infirmity which would tend to involve unfitness for the control of a car. This means, of course, that a medical examination must be submitted to before a motorist can be licensed. The condition is objected to, but there is obviously a great deal to be said in its favor, both in the interests of the public and of the drivers themselves, whether paid chauffeurs or amateurs. It is not compatible with accepted ideas of security to either pedestrians or occupants of vehicles that persons whose eyesight is in the least impaired, whose hearing is not acute, whose hand is rendered unsteady by drinking habits, or who suffer from fits of nervousness should be allowed to add enormously to the risks of serious accidents on the road. We are by no means sure that the time for observing similar precautions with respect to motoring in the United Kingdom is not approaching. It is a reasonable assumption that anyone who cannot pass the necessary medical examination is no more properly qualified to steer a motor-car than a color-blind ship's captain to assume responsibility for the safety of his vessel or a deaf engine-driver of his train.

## Honeymoon Reading.

The house had quieted after the wedding. Mother and Aunt Mary were in the parlor thinking it over.

"So it's over," said Aunt Mary, smiling into mother's eyes.

"Yes," said mother, bravely, although a little tearfully, "it's over—and begun."

"They'll be happy, I'm sure."

"Yes. They are very well suited to each other."

"Very. I could see that. They both have studious habits."

"Yes. But Mary—" Mother paused, and the gleam of mischief evoked by Aunt Mary sooner than anybody else darted into her eyes.

"Mary, they can't have much sense of humor. Though it's my own girl, I say it."

"Why not?"

"Do you know what they took to read on their wedding journey? Stevenson's 'Travels With a Donkey.'"

"Wasp."

## Vigilant Fido.

In the barber-shop the scissors clicked merrily away, and the barber's dog lay on the floor close beside the chair, looking up intently all the time at the occupant who was having his hair cut.

"Nice dog, that," said the customer. "He is, sir," said the barber.

"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber, smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off a customer's ear!"—"Ladies' Home Journal."

## Reason Enough.

Benevolent Old Gentleman (rescuing one small boy from the pummeling of two others)—What are you hurting this boy for?

"Because he made so many mistakes in his arithmetic this morning."

"But what business was that of yours?"

"Why, he let us copy our answers from his."—Translated for "Saturday Night" from "Fliegende Blätter."

## Tact Lacked.

Miss Clara Clemens, Mark Twain's brilliant daughter, was talking at Atlantic City about entertaining.

"Tact," she said, "is essential to good entertaining. With the most hospitable spirit in the world, one may, without tact, only render one's guests uncomfortable. Tact averts blunders."

"I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet gentleman. This gentleman suddenly turned as red as a lobster and fell into a horrible fit of confusion on hearing his hostess say to her husband:

"How inattentive you are, Joe. You must look after Mr. Blank! He's helping himself to everything!"—Buffalo "Express."

## A "Persuaded" Prisoner.

The resourceful man is the one who succeeds. There is a deputy marshal in Alabama who does not let any such trifles as extradition laws stop him. A writer in the Washington "Post" tells a story of one of his

## Delights the Critical

# "SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Gold Label will be enjoyed by all your friends.

Your grocer sells this grade for 60c. per lb.

Lead Packets Only

Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

## ONTARIO BANK.

Annual Meeting of Shareholders Held on Tuesday, June 19.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Ontario Bank was held at the Hotel Office, Toronto, on Tuesday, June 19th, 1906, at 12 o'clock noon.

Among those present were: G. R. R. Cockburn, Donald Mackay, John Flett, Henry Lowndes, Thos. Walmesley, R. Grass, Hon. R. Harcourt, R. D. Perry, Henry Lowndes, Barlow Cumberland, R. Mulholland, Cephas Goode, F. B. Polson, J. K. Macdonald, T. H. Bull and others.

On motion Mr. Geo. R. R. Cockburn was called to the chair and Mr. McGill was requested to act as Secretary.

Messrs. J. A. Macdonald and Henry Lowndes were appointed scrutineers. At the request of the chairman, the Secretary read the following report:—

To the Shareholders: The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the 49th Annual Report for the year ending 31st May, 1906, together with the usual statement of Assets and Liabilities.

Profit and Loss (brought forward from 31st May, 1905) ..... \$ 62,445 79 The net profits after deducting Charges of Management, interest accrued upon deposits, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, were 156,915 83

\$219,361 02

Which have been appropriated as follows: Dividend 3 per cent. paid 1st December, 1905 ..... \$45,000 00 Dividend 3 1/2 per cent. payable 1st June, 1906 ..... 32,500 00 Added to Retained ..... 50,000 00 Reserved for Officers' Pension Fund ..... 5,000 00

\$152,500 00

Balance of profits carried forward ..... \$66,861 02 The Retained Account has been increased by \$50,000, which now stands at \$700,000, and the amount carried forward to the credit of Profit and Loss Account is \$66,861 02.

The Deposits have increased \$634,040 25 since our last Annual Meeting, and the General Business of the Bank continues to steadily improve, which must be regarded as satisfactory.

Branches and sub-branches of the Bank have been opened at King City, Port Hope, Millbrook, Warsaw and Peterboro' (South End).

Your Directors have decided that in future all dividends shall be paid quarterly.

All the Offices of the Bank have been inspected during the year, and your Directors have pleasure in acknowledging the efficient manner in which the staff have performed their respective duties.

G. R. R. COCKBURN, President

## GENERAL STATEMENT.

## LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid up ..... \$ 1,500,000 00 Retained ..... 700,000 00 Balance of Profits carried forward ..... 66,861 02 Dividends Unclaimed ..... 1,380 00 Dividend payable 1st June, 1906 ..... 52,500 00 Reserved for Interest and Exchange ..... 141,960 25

\$2,462,702 40

Notes in circulation ..... \$1,188,906 00 Deposits not bearing interest ..... 1,899,665 58 Deposits bearing interest ..... 10,383,701 53 Due to Agents of Bank in Great Britain ..... 508,817 82 Due to Agents of Bank in United States ..... 201,198 22

\$14,272,289 15

ASSETS. Gold and Silver Coin ..... \$ 150,589 07 Government Demand Notes ..... 380,816 00 Notes of and Cheques on other Banks ..... 540,697 63 Balances due from Banks in Canada ..... 546,234 86 Balances due from Banks in United States ..... 57,611 59 Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation ..... 70,000 00 Bonds and Securities ..... 1,198,597 10 Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds ..... 559,681 30

\$3,504,227 55

Bills Discounted and Current Loans ..... \$13,073,101 87 Overdue Debts ..... 5,662 22 Real Estate (other than Bank Premises) ..... 25,000 00 Mortgages on Real Estate sold ..... 2,000 00 Bank Premises (including Furniture, Sacs, &c.) ..... 125,000 00

\$13,230,764 09

\$16,734,991 64

After a few remarks by the Chairman, the report was adopted. By resolution the sum of \$5,000 was granted to the Officers' Pension Fund of the Ontario Bank.

The following resolution was moved and carried: That the thanks of the Shareholders are due and are hereby tendered to the President, Vice-President, Directors, General Manager and Officers of the Bank for the satisfactory manner in which they have discharged their respective duties during the past year.

The Scrutineers appointed at the meeting subsequently reported the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz: Geo. R. R. Cockburn, Donald Mackay, R. D. Perry, Hon. R. Harcourt, R. Grass, T. Walmesley, John Flett.

The new Board met the same afternoon, when Mr. Geo. R. R. Cockburn was elected President and Mr. Donald Mackay, Vice-President.

The Ontario Bank, Toronto, June 19th, 1906. C. McGill, General Manager.

When the term of "Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."—"Youth's Companion."

"Then you have no sympathy for the deserving poor?" asked the person working for charity.

"Me?" replied the rich and great man. "Why, sir, I have nothing but sympathy for them."—"Milwaukee Sentinel."

## Unhappy Outlook.

You may prate of "filthy lucre," But when all is said and done, If you haven't any money You can't have a lot of fun.

It is strange, then, that this summer Life should seem of joy bereft, When the coal man first despoils us And the ice-man takes what's left?—"Somerville Journal."

## Something Doing.

Artist (broke)—Yes, I'm making a good deal of progress. The sheriff has just begun to take an interest in my paintings.—"Fliegende Blätter."

## A Matter of Taste.

"Can any little boy," asked the new teacher, "tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?"

"I can," replied Edward, whose wisdom had been learned from experience. "A lake is a body of water, and an ocean is a body of water."



## SELECTING LIGHT FIXTURES

is a very difficult task.

The United Arts & Crafts arrange the fixtures to suit the decoration of the room. Also to distribute the proper amount of light.

We consider it a pleasure to show you through our studios and explain our system.

It costs no more to furnish with us. Why not have your home done correctly?

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There is nothing nicer than Embossed Monogram Stationery, and it is particularly correct for the bride in acknowledging the receipt of wedding gifts. All work is promptly executed by our own engravers, who are noted for the superior workmanship. We can reproduce any design of your own or supply you from our special list of dies.

CORRECT and fashionable forms in Visiting Cards of the finest material; our Special Offer, engraving, script plate and 50 cards. **\$1.25**

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101 to 20 Colborne St. Limited, Victoria St. to Colborne St.

## STERLING AND PLATED WARE.

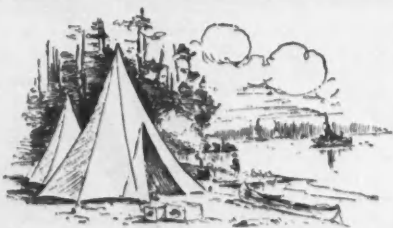
ITS own factory facilities and unexcelled buying system enable Diamond Hall to offer notable price-values in Sterling and Plated Silverware.

In fact, the cost to you in many cases is about what dealers ordinarily pay for goods of corresponding quality.

For artistry of design and quality in material and workmanship the following are instanced.

Sterling Individual Entree Dishes, per dozen in leather case **\$35.00 up**  
Heavily-Plated Bake Dishes **\$5.00 to \$14.00**

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Complete Camper's Manual - 120 pages, illustrated, 10c.  
Camping and Canoeing in Canada, an interesting and practical aid to arranging a canoe trip in Ontario. 140 pages, 42 illustrations, cloth cover, 50c.  
Map of Muskoka Lakes on a large scale. Paper, 75c., cloth, \$1.25.  
Map of Northern Lakes of Ontario. 75c. and \$1.25.

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### Society at the Capital.

**A**MONG the many pleasant social affairs of the week three very enjoyable dinners claimed a prominent place in the earlier part, at one of which Hon. Senator and Mrs. Roy, who are in a furnished house in Wilbroad street, during their temporary sojourn in Ottawa, entertained on Monday in special honor of Premier and Mrs. Rutherford of Edmonton, and Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Wood, also from Edmonton, the other guests including Hon. Senator De Veber of St. John, N.B., Dr. McIntyre, and Hon. Senator Talbot.

Sir Sandford Fleming on Tuesday evening gave a very smart and well-arranged dinner in honor of his English visitors, General and Mrs. Chapman, who are taking a tour through Canada. His guests on the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gormully, Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fleming, Miss Higginson, Hon. Senator Bostock, and Hon. Senator Macdonald. The floral decorations were very pretty, being entirely of white blossoms, intermingled with feathery ferns. On the same evening Hon. Senator McMullen was the host at a "stag" party in the Senate, when the guests were all "old Wellington boys," and included Hon. Mr. Cushing, Minister of Public Works, Alberta, who was a visitor in town for a short time; Hon. Mr. Lamont, Attorney-General, of Saskatchewan; Hon. Senator Talbot, Hon. Senator Kerr, Hon. Senator Davis, Mr. MacKenzie, M.P., Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P., Mr. George Grant, M.P., and Mr. Martin, M.P.

The Golf Club, as usual, has this week proved a very attractive spot for congenial and informal entertainments in the way of small luncheons, dinners, and teas, and many hosts and hostesses have been taking advantage of the charming June weather for utilizing this ideal rendezvous for summer gatherings.

On Tuesday Mr. Joe MacDougall, M.P.P., was the host of a young people's dinner there, when his guests were: Miss Frances Heron of Toronto, Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Claire McCullough, Mr. Fred White, Mr. Harry Southam, and Mr. Howard Hutchison. On the following afternoon, Wednesday, Mrs. Wilson Southam invited a few friends to meet Mrs. Sydney Wood of Edmonton at the tea-hour at this inviting spot, and on Thursday Miss Lola Powell chose the same place to give a delightfully arranged luncheon, when the guests of honor were Miss Ina Matthews of Toronto and Mrs. MacNachten (née Ritchie) of Calgary, who, with her husband, Hon. Frank MacNachten, is in town for a short time with Lady Ritchie, and will shortly sail for Ireland to visit Lord and Lady MacNachten of Runkerry, County Antrim. Miss Powell's merry coterie of guests included Lady Sibyl Grey, Miss Howard, Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mrs. James Smellie, Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, and Miss Mabel Ferguson. On the evening of the same day the Golf Club-house was again called into requisition, when Mr. John Ewart invited a few congenial guests to dine there, including Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, popular resort was Mrs. R. L. Borden and her guest, Mrs. Grant of Halifax, Miss Ethel Palmer, Captain McDonald of Winnipeg, and Mr. Todd.

Another dainty luncheon at this popular resort was Mrs. R. L. Borden's on Friday, her special guest being Mrs. Grant of Halifax, who is paying her a visit just now, and those who had the pleasure of being invited to meet Mrs. Grant were Mrs. Sydney Wood, Mrs. J. G. Foster, Mrs. Frank Grierson, Mrs. J. Franklin Kidd, Mrs. George F. Henderson, Mrs. Ralph Jones, and Miss Laura Smith.

An impromptu and very interesting cricket match came off on Government House grounds on Wednesday afternoon, the competing teams being composed, one of members of the Government House party and the other of senators and members of Parliament. The affair, although no formal invitations had been sent out, partook quite of the nature of a garden party, as a large number of very smart guests were spectators, and thoroughly enjoyed watching the game in combination with the beauties of a perfect summer day in such charming surroundings. Refreshments were served in a large marquee, and the band of the Duke of Cornwall's Regiment played lively airs throughout the afternoon. His Excellency Lord Grey took part in the game, and Miss Gladys Hanbury-Williams, who is herself an enthusiastic little cricketer, kept the score. Lady Sibyl Grey, who, with His Excellency, greeted the guests as they arrived, was becomingly gowned in green silk voile, with large leghorn hat trimmed with white ostrich plumes. Miss Howard was in white, with green hat, and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams was also in white, with mauve hat. In the evening a dinner at Government House included the following guests: Colonel and

Mrs. Hanbury-Williams and Miss Ina Matthews, Hon. Senator Kirchhoff, Colonel and Mrs. Vidal and the sister of the latter, Miss Jeanne Taschereau of Montreal, Miss Howard, Captain Harry Graham, and Mr. W. R. Baker of Montreal.

His Excellency, with Lady Sibyl Grey, Miss Howard, and Captain Trotter, A.D.C., left on Friday to spend about ten days at the fishing lodge at Cascapedia.

The Ottawa Rowing Club gave their first dance of the season on Saturday evening at their club-house, the races having come off during the afternoon. The chaperons were Mrs. Clarence Burritt and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, and all the gay young people of the capital enjoyed a jolly evening, the floor being in perfect condition, the music excellent, and the weather cool enough to make dancing most enjoyable. In fact it was decided by all to have been a decided success, the only drawback being that owing to its being Saturday night it had to be "called off" too soon.

THE CHAPERONE.  
Ottawa, June 18th, 1906.

### A NEGLECTED DRAMATIC POSSIBILITY.

It is odd, remarks a writer who gossips entertainingly in those pages of the "Atlantic Monthly" devoted to "The Contributors' Club," that so few playwrights have recognized the power of the vacant room in drama. This is the more curious, he adds, in view of the convincing effects achieved in the few instances where the dramatic possibilities of the vacant room or the "vacant stage" have been called into play. He cites, for instance, "when the watchman passes through the sleepy town after the street brawl is over, and then the empty, moon-bathed street lies quiet for a time, before the curtain closes." In this case music adds to the effect; but at the end of "Shore Acres," he reminds us, there is no such aid. Yet who, he asks, can ever forget that final picture? He redraws it for us in the following words:

"After Nat Berry—played by Mr. Herne, the author—had scratched a bit of frost off the window-pane to peer out into the night, locked the door, and banked the fire, he climbed with slow, aged footsteps up the stairs to bed. At the landing he turned to survey the old kitchen below, that lay so cosy and warm under the benediction of his eye. Then he disappeared with his candle, and the stage grew quite dim, save for the red glow from the fire. Yet the curtain did not fall, and through a mist of tears, tears it cleansed one's soul to shed, the audience looked for a long, hushed moment on the scene, on the now familiar room where so much of joy and grief had happened—deserted, tranquil, but suddenly, in this new light of emptiness, realized to be how vital a part of the lives of those people who had made the play! It used to seem, indeed, as if the drama had not achieved full reality until the old kitchen had thus had its say, thus spoken the epilogue."

The writer goes on to say: "It is strange to me that more playwrights have not profited by such examples. The cry of the average playgoer is for 'action,' to be sure; but even 'action' may be heightened by contrast, by peace and serenity. Certainly the vitality, the illusion, of a scenic background on the stage can be enhanced by drawing a certain amount of attention to it alone; and something as Mr. Hardy, in 'The Return of the Native,' paints Egdon Heath—'Haggard Egdon'—in its shifting moods before he introduces a single human being upon the scene of their coming tragedy, it is quite possible for the modern playwright, with a Belasco to aid him, to show the audience the scene of his drama, to let its suggestive beauty, its emotional possibilities, charm or fire their fancies before the speech and action begin. So also, as Wagner and Mr. Herne have demonstrated, there can be a climax of the vacant stage. At present, our stage scenery is too seldom perfectly fused with the story, too often magnificent but meaningless. The drama is an art form which at best is restricted, and any possible technical variations should not be neglected. Is not the vacant room such a neglected possibility?"

### Timiskiming and Kippewa.

The Bellevue House, Timiskiming, Que., has issued an illustrated guide-book to the fishing and hunting grounds to which it is convenient, and it is almost impossible for one to stay at home after looking through the attractive pages of the pamphlet. It is a beautiful pine country, with capital fishing, and, like other up-to-date resorts, has a sporty golf-course.

### Why They Don't Succeed.

United States newspapers wonder, in their artless American way, why American plays are not relished in London. And on the spur of the moment we should say because they're so—well, because they're in the canned beef class.—Toronto "News."

## THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

Proceedings of the Twenty-first Annual General Meeting of Shareholders, held at its Temporary Offices, 10 Front St. West, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 19th day of June, 1906.

The chair was taken by the President, MR. C. D. WARREN, and the General Manager was requested to act as Secretary, when the following Statement was read:—

### STATEMENT OF THE RESULT OF THE BUSINESS OF THE BANK FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st MAY, 1906.

The net profits for the year, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and reserving accrued interest, amounted to .....	\$396,231 75
Balance at credit of Profit and Loss last year .....	35,158 94
	<b>\$431,390 69</b>
Appropriated as follows, viz.:	
Dividend No. 40, three and one-half per cent., paid 1st December, 1905 .....	\$104,992 00
Dividend No. 41, three and one-half per cent., payable 1st June, 1906 .....	105,000 00
Transferred to Officers' Guarantee Fund .....	5,000 00
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund .....	5,000 00
Transferred to Rest Account .....	150,000 00
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss new account .....	61,398 69
	<b>\$431,390 69</b>

Percentage of Net Profits .....

GENERAL STATEMENT, 31st May, 1906.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid up .....	\$3,000,000 00
Rest Account .....	1,250,000 00
Dividend No. 41, payable 1st June .....	105,000 00
Former Dividends unpaid .....	221 16
Interest Accrued on Deposit Receipts .....	7,061 59
Balance of Profits carried forward .....	61,398 66
	<b>\$4,423,681 41</b>
Notes of the Bank in Circulation .....	2,310,125 00
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date .....	\$15,623,539 25
Deposits not bearing interest .....	4,867 333 13
	<b>\$20,490,872 38</b>
Balance due London Agents .....	748,766 98
	<b>\$21,239,639 36</b>
ASSETS.	
Gold and Silver Coin Current .....	\$288,879 84
Dominion Government Demand Notes .....	1,507,986 00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks .....	618,562 70
Balance due from other Banks .....	252,226 26
Balance due from Foreign Agents .....	489,977 08
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities .....	632,216 53
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks .....	427,038 05
Call and Short Loans on Stocks, Bonds and other Securities .....	1,655,798 29
	<b>\$5,872,684 75</b>
Bills discounted current .....	\$21,274,750 77
Notes discounted overdue (estimated loss provided for) .....	4,530 15
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of general bank note circulation .....	111,000 00
Real Estate, the property of the Bank (other than the Bank premises) .....	20,434 57
Bank Premises (including safes, etc.) .....	690,245 53
	<b>\$22,100,761 02</b>
	<b>\$27,973,445 77</b>

H. S. STRATHY, General Manager.

The accompanying statement shows the result of the business of the bank for the year ending 31st May, 1906; also its financial position as on that date.

The business of the bank continues to show satisfactory progress. The net profits, 13.21, are in excess of the previous year, when they were 11.34.

New business of a most desirable character continues to be offered, and in order to take advantage of the large and growing business offering in the Northwest, and especially at Winnipeg, where results have far exceeded the best expectations of the management, your directors considered it was in the best interest of the bank to increase its capital, under the authority given at a special meeting of the shareholders held on the 17th of April. An allotment of two million dollars was therefore made on the 21st of May in the proportion of two new shares for each three held at the close of business on the first day of June. This allotment was made at 40 per cent. premium, being slightly below the proportion the Rest then bore to Capital, and while it is only two weeks since the allotment was made, it has been most gratifying to the directors to find that subscriptions have a ready been received for nearly one million dollars, a large proportion of which has been paid, and with still many shareholders yet to hear from.

At the special meeting of shareholders above referred to the date for holding future annual meetings after the present one was changed by by-law to the fourth Tuesday in January of each year, and as our stock is held almost entirely as investment, it is proposed that dividends hereafter shall be paid quarterly, and in order to bring those into even quarters for the year a dividend for four months will be paid on the first of October and quarterly thereafter on the first of January and each succeeding three months.

Your directors hope to welcome the shareholders at the annual meeting in January next in the new and commodious bank premises now nearing completion on Yonge street. The bank has provided for ample accommodation in the building for future growth and expansion, and your directors have pleasure in stating that the demand for offices is quite equal to the most sanguine expectation. The vault accommodation will furnish absolute protection to the bank's securities, and it will be gratifying to know that every precaution has been taken in this respect to guard against loss by fire or otherwise.

During the fiscal year just closed nineteen new branch offices have been opened, viz.: thirteen in the Province of Ontario, two in Manitoba, including Winnipeg, three in Alberta, including Edmonton and Calgary, and one at Regina, Saskatchewan.

The different offices of the bank continue to receive the usual careful inspections.

C. D. WARREN, President.

The usual resolution were moved and adopted. The scrutineers reported the following gentlemen duly elected to act as directors for the ensuing year, viz.: C. D. Warren, Hon. J. R. Stratton, C. Klopfer (Guelph), W. J. Sheppard (Waukegan), C. S. Wilcox (Hamilton), E. F. R. Johnston, K.C.

The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly-elected directors Mr. C. D. Warren was re-elected President, and Hon. J. K. Stratton, Vice-President by a unanimous vote.

H. S. STRATHY, General Manager.

The Traders Bank of Canada, Toronto, June 19th, 1906:

The following comparative statement will show the progress of the bank from 31st May, 1901:—

As on 31st May	Capital Paid Up	Rest	Deposits	Circulation	Assets	Dividend
1901 ..	\$ 700,000	\$ 40,000	\$ 4,235,331	\$ 676,195	\$ 5,880,855	6
1902 ..	700,000	50,000	4,030,817	697,080	6,824,860	6
1903 ..	700,000	70,000	5,031,112	681,920	7,638,909	6
1904 ..	1,000,000	150,000	6,528,074	987,440	9,177,061	6
1905 ..	1,344,420	250,000	7,672,591	1,192,470	10,846,449	6
1906 ..	1,350,000	350,000	8,890,430	1,337,000	12,294,830	6
1907 ..	1,500,000	450,000	10,881,652	1,430,510	14,759,672	7
1908 ..	2,000,000	700,000	13,311,296	1,808,900	18,578,888	7
1909 ..	2,096,715	1,100,000	15,809,740	2,111,350	22,930,016	7
1906 ..	<b>3,000,000</b>	<b>1,250,000</b>	<b>\$20,490,872</b>	<b>2,310,125</b>	<b>\$27,973,445</b>	<b>7</b>



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GANONG BROS. Limited, St. Stephen, N.S.

99 kinds.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

BANKS—Toronto, June 18, Mrs. William Banks, Jr., a son.  
HORROCKS—Toronto, June 18, Mrs. Trevor J. Horrocks, a daughter.  
MURRAY—Toronto, June 19, Mrs. T. W. Murray, a daughter.  
STEWART—Toronto, June 19, Mrs. L. B. Stewart, a son.

#### Marriages.

ANDERSON—BELL—At Atlantic City, New Jersey, June 16, 1906, by the Rev. Newton N. Cadwell, D.D., Gertrude Amenta Bell of Washington, D.C., to Dr. Duncan Anderson of Toronto.  
BATES—ALLAN—At St. Paul's church, Lindsay, June 12, 1906, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, Mowry Bates, New York, to Moretta B. Bates, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Allan of Lindsay.  
HICKS—WOLFE—On June 12, by the Rev. L. E. Skeg of St. Anne's, Harry Hicks of Humber Bay to Florence, youngest daughter of the late Captain Wolfe of Bolton.  
BOYD—MASSON—Toronto, June 19, Margaret Jane, daughter of the late Judge Masson of Goderich, to Daniel Allan Boyd, son of the Rev. James Boyd, M.A., Glasgow.  
BLAKELEY—FINCH—By the Rev. R. P. Bowles, Mrs. Elizabeth Finch to Arthur Blakeley.

#### Deaths.

ERSKINE—Toronto, June 18, John Erskine, aged 63 years.  
HAMILTON—Toronto, June 19, William B. Hamilton, aged 82 years.  
LANKIN—Toronto, June 18, Mrs. Robert Lankin, aged 69 years.  
McCULLOCH—Toronto, June 19, Mrs. Agnes McCulloch, aged 78 years.  
NASH—Toronto, June 19, J. Newton Nash.

#### SEND

FIVE CENTS in stamps to cover postage, and a handsome set of the celebrated Vinolia Toilet preparations will be forwarded by return mail. Address J. M. SCHEAK, 28 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

#### NEWEST JEWEL BOXES.

Gifts From Diamond Hall Enclosed in Boxes of White Kid.

Gifts of jewelry to the bride are this year enclosed in dainty boxes of white kid—if they come from Diamond Hall. An especially charming jewel for the groom's gift is a brooch consisting of a large and brilliant peridot, surrounded by sixteen lustrous pearls. The setting is of diamond-studded platinum. Two hundred dollars is the price.

#### Their Choice of Weapons.

"So the baritone slapped the tenor on the face, did he? What happened then?"  
"Oh, they went on the stage and fought a duel."—Translated from "Saturday Night" from "Fliegende Blätter."

### GREAT SHIPS ON THE GREAT LAKES

THERE has been a notable increase in late years in the number and tonnage of the Canadian ships on the Great Lakes. Several of the greatest capitalists of the United States are also largely interested in the lake traffic. For example, the New York "World" notes that the "J. Pierpont Morgan," the first of the United States Steel Corporation's new 600-foot boats, has gone to Escanaba to take on her maiden cargo of ore. A sister ship, the "Henry H. Rogers," was launched at South Chicago Saturday. A third boat of equal dimensions is being built. Each of them will carry between 13,000 and 14,000 tons of ore.

Six-hundred-foot ocean-going ships are none too numerous. The new French liner, "La Provence," is only twenty-four feet longer than the "J. Pierpont Morgan," which will lug ore to Ashtabula and Buffalo. Only the "Campania" and "Lucania" of the Cunard liner exceed the "Morgan" in length, and by only twenty feet. None of the American line ships is so long and only three of the Hamburg-American liners exceed it in length.

Within the last decade the marine architects of the Great Lakes have added two hundred feet to the length of the freighters, and have tripled the cargo capacity without materially increasing the draught. Whether they will be able to go much beyond the present maximum of six hundred feet remains to be seen. The matter of draught is a constant quantity. The water at Hay Lake Channel, in the Soo river, and at the Lime Kiln Crossing, in the Detroit river, makes it unsafe to load much beyond nineteen feet, although there is twenty-one feet of water in the Soo canal. The narrow channel and swift currents in the Soo river would seem also to have set a limit to the length of the ships, although it may not have been reached in the six-hundred-foot boats.

No ships in the world are more perfectly adapted to their business than those that handled 35,000,000 tons of ore, 13,000,000 tons of coal and 143,000,000 bushels of grain, to say nothing of other freight on the Great Lakes last year. Reduced to their simplest form, they are steel shells with a double bottom. With anywhere from twelve to thirty hatchways, they can easily take on a cargo of ore in two hours when the ore is dry and runs freely in the chutes from the docks. Even the work of trimming the ship is done by adjusting the chutes. By means of the "clamshells" they can unload in eight or ten hours.

The economy of the six-hundred-foot ship over the four-hundred-footer hardly requires demonstration. Little more horse-power is needed to propel one than the other, for the lake freighters waste no coal in making speed records. Twelve miles an hour is satisfactory. Few more men are required on the larger boats. The

increase in the size of the crew is trifling in comparison with the increase in cargo capacity, and with a rate of even seventy cents a ton on iron ore from the head of the lakes to Buffalo the advantages of a 14,000-ton boat over a 5,000-ton rival can easily be reduced to dollars and cents.

#### A BLOW OUT.

WITHERBY paused in front of a haberdasher's window. He needed a new cravat.  
"That's a stunning-looking thing," he said to himself. He stepped inside.

The cravat was three dollars—more than Witherby had ever paid—but after some discussion of its merits, he bought it, and walked out.

As the knowledge of the new cravat began to work into his consciousness Witherby awoke to the fact that his shirts were not what they should be—nor did the collars he wore go with that tie—they were too cheap.

He went back and ordered some shirts and collars.

Then he stopped at his tailor's to get a new suit.

Then it occurred to him that his evening clothes were altogether too shabby for a gentleman of his standing.

In two hours' time he had spent nearly four hundred dollars on a new wardrobe.

Shamefaced, remorseful, hating himself heartily, he made his way home.

He entered the hall. He walked upstairs. At the door of her dressing-room his wife came forward. In an excess of affection she threw her arms about his neck.

"Darling," she murmured, "will you forgive me?"

"I've been shopping—and I've been extravagant. I started with a simple little gown. One thing led to another—I'm afraid I've ordered a lot. Oh, dear, I know you will never forgive me!"

Witherby, unable to contain himself, danced about the room in an excess of joy.

"Hooray!" he exclaimed.

His astonished wife gazed at him in anxiety. "What can you mean?" she cried. "What is the matter?"

"Why," cried Witherby, "when I came home just now I actually believed that I was the biggest fool in the world. And it's such a relief to know that I'm not!"—Tom Masson.

#### Standing on His Rights.

The next witness was a hard-fisted, resolute yeoman, with a bristling chin beard.

"Mr. Gigson," said the attorney for the defense, "are you acquainted with the reputation of this man for truth and veracity in the neighborhood in which he lives?"

"I reckon I am," replied the witness.

"I will ask you to state what it is."

"Well, sir, his reputation for truth ain't no good. His reputation for veracity—well, that's different. Some says he does, and some says he don't."

"Witness," interposed the judge, "do you know the meaning of veracity?"

"I reckon I do."

"What do you understand by the word?"

The witness twirled his hat in his fingers a few moments without answering. Then he looked up defiantly.

"I refuse to answer that question, judge," he said, "on the ground that it might discriminate me."—Chicago "Tribune."

#### It Might Have Been Worse.

Lydia—I'm just as mad as I can be with Charlie. He kissed me right before all the girls.

Georgette—Well, isn't that better than if he had kissed all the girls before you?—Translated from: "Fliegende Blätter."

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